

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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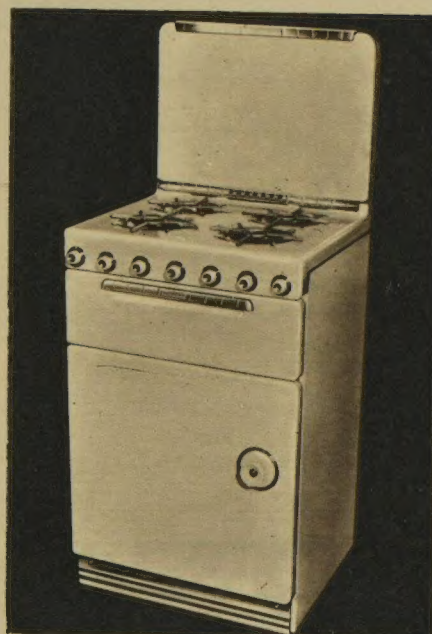
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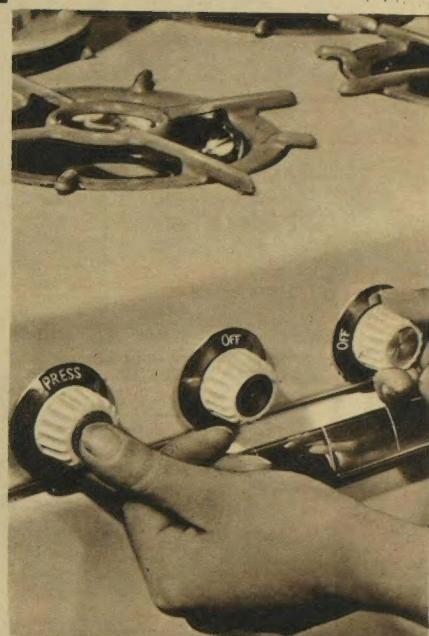


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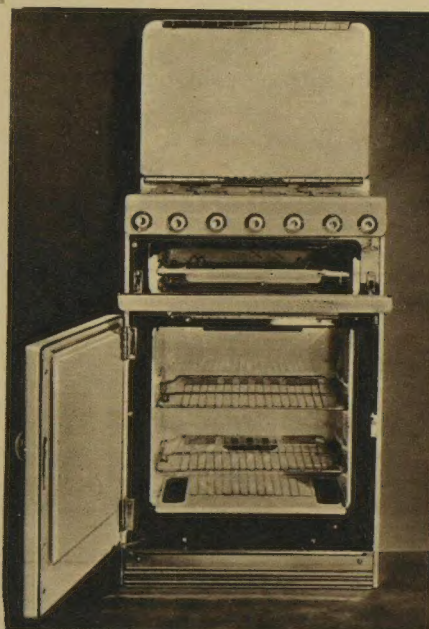
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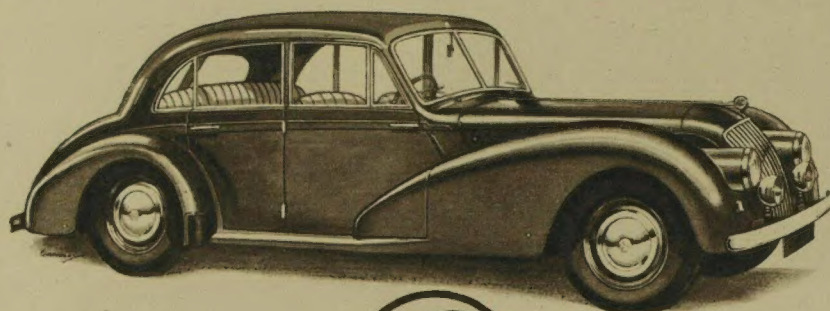
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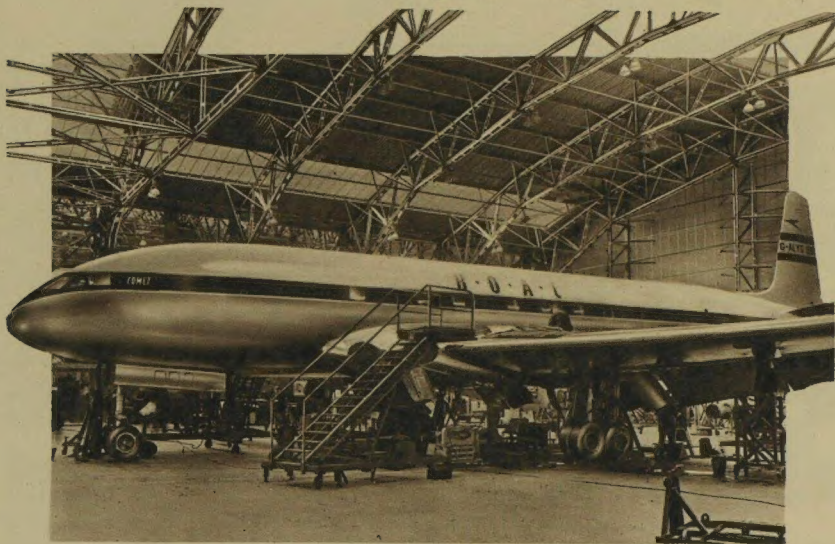
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Photo by Canadian National Film Board

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for the new bay..."*



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C.132B(52)



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I always use Seagers at home.

I know—but aren't all gins much of a muchness?

Not at all. Seagers has much more muchness.

Is that why you drink it?

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Mostly I drink it because I like it.

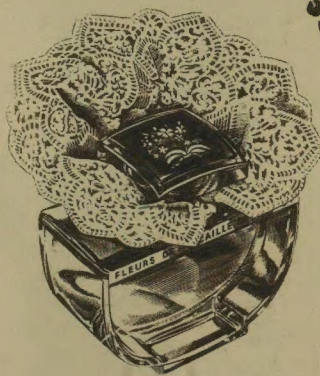
You consider yourself an authority on gins then?

No, an authority on what I like.



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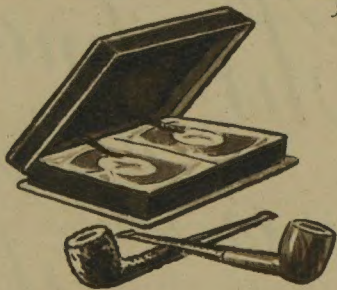
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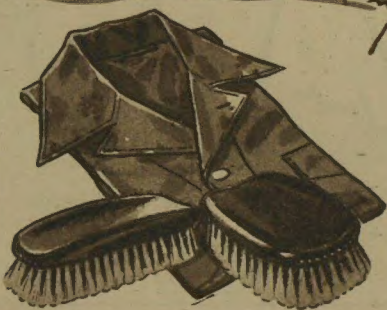
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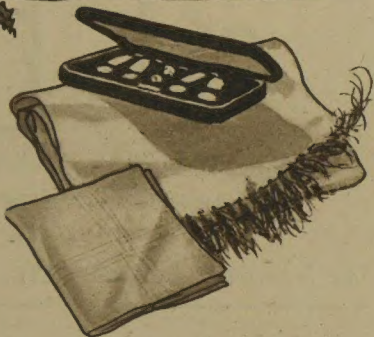
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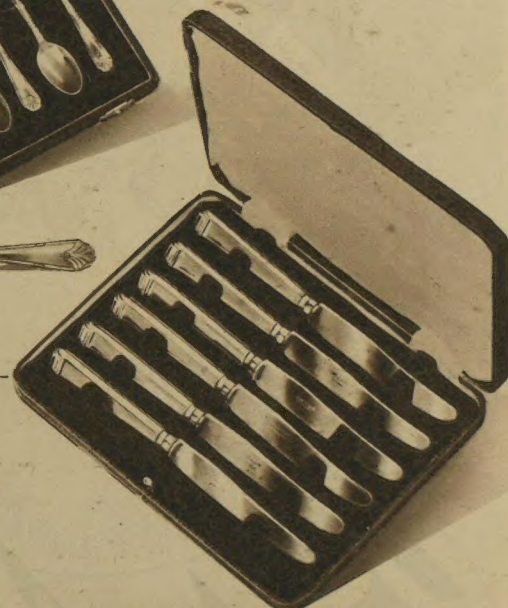
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The model illustrated is BS.5.
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 (as illustrated)

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With open entry at side
 Size: 4'5" long x 3'2" wide x 3'6" high
 with additional hinged flap for entry
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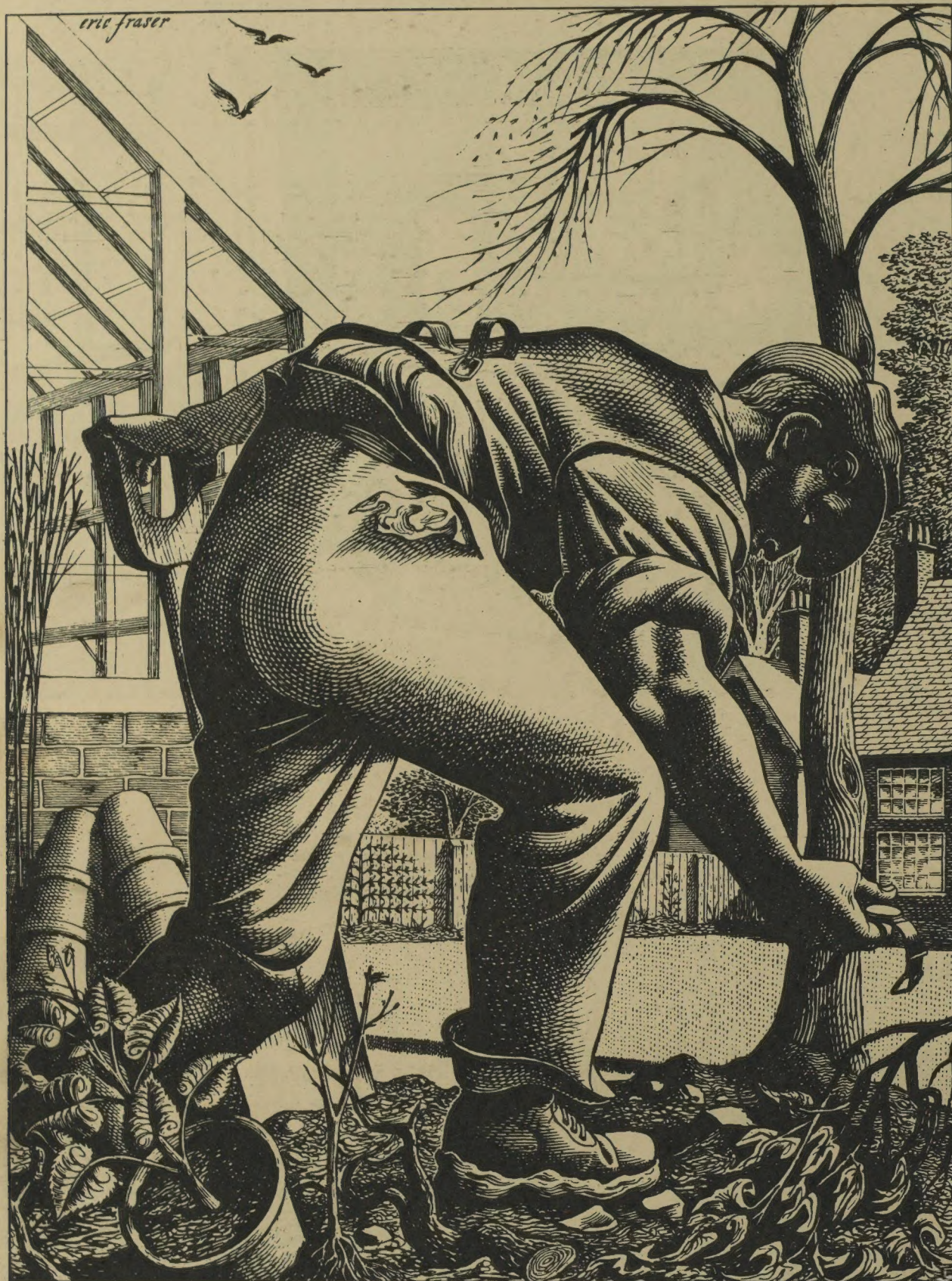
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MAXIMUM PRICES IN U.K. Bottle 33/9 Half Bottle 17/7 Quarter Bottle 9/2 Miniature 3/7
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Four years buried^{*}



"He saw something glitter in the earth; he stooped and picked it up"


ROLEX

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FREE COLOUR BROCHURE OF ROLEX WATCHES

For the latest information on Rolex watches recently arrived in this country, and the name and address of your nearest Rolex dealer, write to the Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.

EVEN in 1945, when the war in Europe had ended, flying had its hazards. Flight-Lieutenant Bolton learnt this only too well; it was May 13th when he had to crash-land in the South of England, and was badly injured. His aircraft, a Typhoon, was completely wrecked, and — a more personal tragedy — his Rolex Oyster disappeared.

Later, when he recovered, he made a few wry enquiries of the police; but of course, the watch had gone.

Four years passed; in fact, it was almost exactly four years to the day when a man who lived near where the Typhoon had crashed was digging in his garden. He saw something glitter in the earth; when he stooped and picked it up — yes, it was the pilot's watch.

The case had corroded and the hands had rusted; but these were incidentals. After four years in the earth the delicate mechanism was still unharmed; the Oyster case had protected it perfectly. A little work by the Rolex repair staff — and that watch is still keeping perfect time today.

Well, this is what happened to one Rolex Oyster. And when you remember that the Rolex Oyster, to stay accurate, has to tick exactly 432,000 times a day; and that, as in all other Rolex watches, the lubricating oil has been carefully measured to one thousandth of a gramme, you can realize the exquisite delicacy of a Rolex movement. More credit to the Rolex designers that four years of rain and snow and summer dust had not penetrated the Oyster case.

But, you may argue, most watches would never have to undergo a test like that. True! But all watches have enemies — dirt and damp, dust and perspiration — and the sort of watch that will stand that fall and those four years can hardly be harmed by slighter hazards. A perfect movement perfectly protected is what you want — and what you find in a Rolex Oyster. You find it, too, in the Tudor, the junior member of the Rolex family, which is also protected by the Oyster case.

★ This is a true story, taken from a letter written by the pilot in question (ex-Flight-Lieutenant W. Bolton, of Urmston, Lancashire) to the Rolex Watch Company. A photoprint of the original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, London, W.1.



To protect the delicate movement, Rolex craftsmen and technicians laboured for years to produce the Oyster case. Employing the safest method of waterproofing — the self-sealing action of one metal on another — the Rolex Oyster was the first, and is still the foremost, waterproof watch in the world.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1952.



(L. TO R.) THE HON. D. S. SENANAYAKE (PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON); THE RT. HON. SIR GODFREY HUGGINS (PRIME MINISTER OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA); THE RT. HON. S. G. HOLLAND (PRIME MINISTER OF NEW ZEALAND); THE RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL (PRIME MINISTER OF THE U.K.); HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II.; THE RT. HON. R. G. MENZIES (PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA); THE RT. HON. L. S. ST. LAURENT (PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA); THE HON. N. C. HAVENGA (MINISTER OF FINANCE, SOUTH AFRICA); THE HON. KHAWJA NAZIMUDDIN (PRIME MINISTER OF PAKISTAN); AND MR. C. D. DESHMUKH (MINISTER OF FINANCE, INDIA.)

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH WITH THE LEADERS OF HER COMMONWEALTH: THE QUEEN IN THE THRONE ROOM OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WITH THE REPRESENTATIVES OF NINE PEOPLES TO THE COMMONWEALTH ECONOMIC CONFERENCE.

At the first big official dinner at which she has presided, the Queen on December 3 entertained seven Commonwealth Prime Ministers and representatives of other nations of the Commonwealth attending the Commonwealth Economic Conference. There were in all sixty-six guests; and, besides her Majesty, the following members of the Royal family were present: the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, the Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of

Gloucester, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone. The Commonwealth Commissioners were present, accompanied by their wives; and a number of members of the Government were also present; as were Mr. Attlee and Mr. Gordon-Walker of the previous Government. The dinner took place in the State dining-room on the first floor, and the Queen sat beneath Lawrence's large painting of King George IV.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THIRTEEN centuries and a quarter ago—in the year A.D. 627—and soon after the completion of the long, bloody conquest and colonisation of Lowland Britain by the Anglo-Saxon tribes, there stood before the king and chieftains of Northumbria a tall, dark stranger. His "hair was black, his face thin, his nose slender and aquiline, his aspect both venerable and awe-inspiring." His name was Paulinus, and, like the invaders who had conquered Britain six centuries before, he was a Roman. But he bore no arms and stood there at the mercy of the rough warriors around him.

A few months earlier he had travelled to the court of Northumbria—the wild northern kingdom that stretched from the Humber to the Forth—with a Kentish bride for its king. Thirty years before, her father, the Jutish ruler of Kent, had welcomed to his capital a little band of Roman monks of the same faith as his Queen, a Frankish princess from Gaul. So persuasive had been their leader, Augustine, that he had converted the Kentish king and his followers to Christianity—the mysterious Eastern religion that had survived the Roman collapse on the Continent, and, though rooted out of southern Britain by the Saxons, had lingered on in the mountains and islands of the Celtic west.

The heathen Northumbrians round Paulinus were no friends to this creed. Fourteen years earlier, and sixteen after Augustine had landed in Kent, they had slaughtered hundreds of its priests after a victory over the Britons of North Wales. They listened, therefore, to the Italian with suspicion. Yet what he told them conformed in so much to their own beliefs that they did so in silence. He did not decry the virtues they honoured—courage, endurance, loyalty, truth—or paint the human situation in terms they could not recognise. He told them what they already knew: that the grim forces of battle and nature which they personified as gods and demons, could not save them from death and destruction or from the fate that awaited all. And he spoke of a God who had made man in His own image, giving him a freeman's choice between good and evil, courage and cowardice, self-control and self-indulgence. Even the meanest could take part in that fight, master his weaknesses, and, by his virtues, help to widen God's realm on earth, inheriting, as his reward, after the death of the body, eternal life in the Kingdom of Heaven.

And to enable man to do so, God, who loved him and wished him to triumph in his fight, had given him a leader and a sign. By a miracle, beyond the comprehension of human reason though not of faith, God had made His love for man incarnate. Six centuries before, when Rome was establishing her empire of force, there had been born to a poor peasant woman in a conquered Eastern land a child called Jesus, who, subject to all the temptations and ills of humanity, had shown what the power of love could do. Sent on earth by God to lead men, He had done so, not by man's way but by God's, not by force, but by love and sacrifice. Teaching only by example, He had refused all worldly power, and embraced as His lot pain and suffering. He had fought His final battle on earth alone and deserted. Yet even in agony on a criminal's cross His love for man had never faltered, and He died forgiving those who had slain and betrayed Him.

So far Paulinus's message, with its stress on courage and conduct, had not seemed wholly strange to his hearers. He had spoken of a leader who had been brave and true to the death and in whose service His followers could be brave and true like Him. But in two respects his message was revolutionary. For the virtues Jesus had shown were not merely those the English honoured, but others they had never thought of as virtues at all. He had bade men love, not hate; be merciful, not relentless; give, not take. Gentleness instead of violence, humility instead of arrogance, forgiveness instead of vengeance were the weapons used by this strange Lord, who, Paulinus told them, was the Son of God, and in whose name—and that of the Cross on which He died—His followers were enjoined to do likewise. What particularly impressed the Northumbrians was the wonderful heroism He had shown, armed only with these meek virtues. Their own valour in battle seemed nothing compared to such cold courage. And, as proof of it, here was this solitary stranger standing unarmed in their midst.

The other respect in which Jesus's teaching was new was that it offered the heathen English what they had never known before—hope. By His

heroism He had not only won, after death and seeming defeat, an astounding victory for His cause in this world—for this poor, unarmed Jew was apparently worshipped as Christ or Saviour in almost every other land over which Rome had ruled. He had triumphed, too, in another world. After His crucifixion, His disciples testified, He had appeared to them on earth, risen from the dead and in glory. At that transfigured moment in time His achievement had parted the clouds between earth and heaven—between the material and spiritual worlds—and revealed to men the nature of God. And because of His love and sacrifice, the doors of Heaven, of the kingdom of which He was heir, were open to every man prepared to follow His example and live like Him.

It was this hope, as much as his heroic story, that won Paulinus's listeners. For here was an answer to a problem deep in the human heart which their priests had never answered. When Paulinus ended, an old counsellor spoke: "The life of man, O King," he said, "is like a sparrow's flight through a bright hall when one sits at meat in winter-tide with the fire alight on the hearth but the icy rain-storm without. The sparrow flies in at one door and stays for a moment in the light and heat of the fire, and then, flying out of the other, vanishes into the wintry darkness. So stays for a moment the life of man, but what it is before and what after, we know not. If this new teaching can tell us, let us follow it!"

For these Northern heathens, who had learnt from harsh experience

that the world was a place of trial and testing, responded eagerly to the hope that there might be a purpose behind it. It made sense of life, and all its pain and suffering, in a way that the tales of their own gods had never done. The very simplicity of the Christian story and the courage of the men who told it disarmed a people themselves simple and brave. Living in a world of terrors and wonders which they could not explain, they were used to taking things on faith. As they crowded round the man who had brought them such glad tidings, their own high priest was the first to cast his spear at the vain idols their fathers had worshipped. Afterwards they were baptised in thousands, crowding into the Yorkshire streams behind their King to receive from Paulinus's hands the cross of water which enrolled a man as Christ's follower and a member of His Church, and offered him deliverance from the grave.

I have re-told the familiar story on this page because in a few days' time it will be Christmas Day, and it seems appropriate to recall how the awareness

of Christ's birth first came to our English forbears. But I have told it, too, for another reason. It has a tremendous bearing on what is happening in the world to-day. We are seeking, in the modern world, to solve a problem: one that seems to many insoluble. It is how to live on the same earth as those whose views are so diametrically opposed to ours that they wish to destroy us and all our works. A few years ago it was the Nazis and the German people, the Fascists and the Japanese. To-day it is the Communists, the willing slaves of the Soviet and People's Republics, the Chinese, the bandits in Malaya, the Mau Mau in Africa. To some the dilemma appears so hopeless and terrifying that they can see no solution but that of armies, atomic weapons, concentration camps and gallows—the very weapons in their kind, with which our materialistic opponents threaten us. Yet, though force must be repelled by force on the physical plane, if the physical and material is to be defended at all, it can never suffice to protect the values that really matter. For that a sword of another kind is needed—the sword of the spirit—and one whose exercise calls for still greater courage and endurance. We have offered to those who now despise and seek to destroy us a wealth of material things: trade and joint-stock banks, and ballot-boxes and debating societies, railways, motor-cars and aeroplanes, cinemas, jazz and radio. But the greatest thing we have to give—the belief in Christ and His creed and the saving hope it affords to suffering men—we have scarcely offered at all, because we ourselves have ceased to believe in it. Perhaps, in ten days' time, as we try to forget the shadow that falls over our Christmas festivities, we shall recall the way in which the dilemma which faces us was solved long ago by those whose blood we inherit and whose faith we still nominally profess:

It is the time of snow, sparkling with sincere light.
The day that Christ was born: it is the time of snow.

THE SCOTTISH COURT OF CHIVALRY.



TAKEN IN THE SIGNET LIBRARY, EDINBURGH: A GROUP PHOTOGRAPH OF SIR THOMAS INNES OF LEARNEY, K.C.V.O., LORD LYON KING OF ARMS, AND OFFICERS OF HIS COURT.

Our group, taken in the Signet Library, Edinburgh, shows, l. to r., seated, Sir Francis J. Grant, K.C.V.O., Albany Herald; Sir Thomas Innes of Learney, K.C.V.O., Lord Lyon King of Arms; and Lieut.-Colonel John William Balfour Paul, D.S.O., D.L., Marchmont Herald; and standing, l. to r., Mr. James Monteith Grant, W.S., Carrick Pursuivant; Mr. Thomas C. Gray, Lyon Macer (at back); Major Charles Ian Fraser of Reelig, D.L., Dingwall Pursuivant; Lieut.-Colonel H. A. B. Lawson, F.S.A., Rothesay Herald, Lyon Clerk and Keeper of Records; Captain Iain Moncreiffe of Easter Moncreiffe, Falkland Pursuivant Extraordinary (at back); and Lieut.-Colonel Gordon Dalrymple of the Binns, C.I.E., D.L., Unicorn Pursuivant. The Court of the Lord Lyon, the Scottish Court of Chivalry, is the Scottish equivalent of the English Herald's College or College of Arms, of which the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk is Chief. The Lord Lyon and officers of his Court, according to previous custom, took part in the Coronation Procession at Westminster Abbey in 1937.

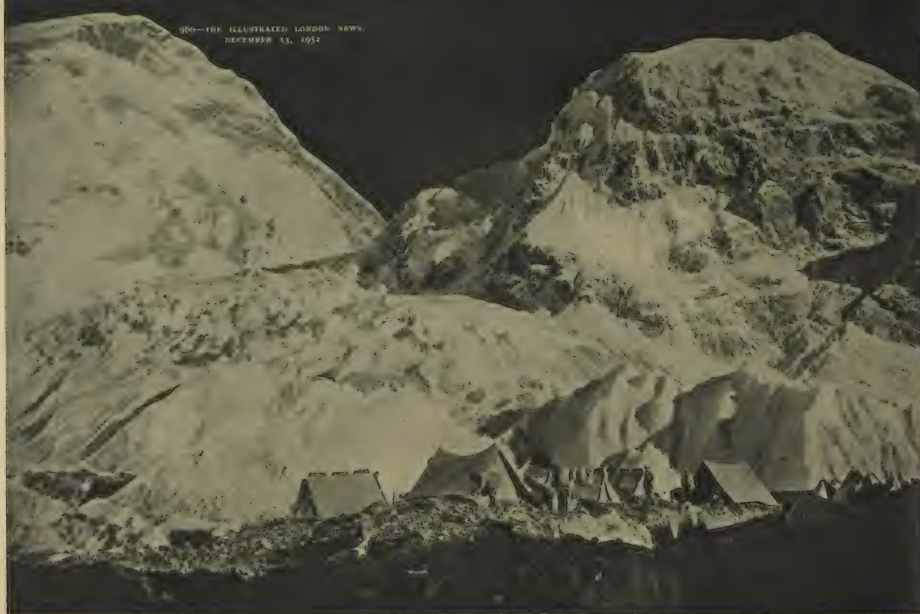


STILL A SUPREME CHALLENGE TO MAN'S ENDURANCE AND SKILL: THE SUMMIT OF EVEREST SEEN 8000 FT. ABOVE THE PARTY OF PORTERS ATTACHED TO THE RECENT SWISS EXPEDITION, ON TRAIL BETWEEN CAMP IV. AND CAMP V.

The Swiss Everest Expedition, led by Dr. Gabriel Chevalley, has had to abandon its attempt on Everest. According to reports from New Delhi, the gallant Swiss mountaineers failed by about 200 ft. in their bid to conquer the 29,002-ft. peak of the world's highest mountain. In the face of raging winds and intense cold, members of the team climbed to the highest point yet reached by man, only

to be defeated by the rarefied atmosphere. In the first Swiss attempt in the spring of this year, M. Raymond Lambert and the Sherpa Tensing climbed to a height of 28,215 ft., the highest point then reached and survived by man, before turning back. Other photographs received from the Swiss Expedition, now on their return journey to Katmandu from Namche Bazar, appear overleaf.

Photograph by arrangement with "The Times."



ON A GRAVEL PATCH JUST UNDER THE SERACS OF THE KHUMBU ICEFALL: CAMP NO. 1 (BASE CAMP), AT 17,205 FT., IN THE MIDST OF PYRAMIDS OF ICE, SHOWING (LEFT) A PROMONTORY OF THE WEST RIDGE OF EVEREST AND (RIGHT) A PROMONTORY OF NUPTE.



SITUATED CONSIDERABLY FARTHER UP THAN LAST TIME, IN A HOLLOW BEHIND A CREST: CAMP NO. III AT 18,183 FT., SHOWING THE VIEW TOWARDS LHOTSE. NEAR THE TENTS (RIGHT) IS A LARGE SNOWDRIFT WITH RIPLE MARKS.

EVEREST, the world's highest mountain, still presents its grim challenge to men of courage and almost superhuman endurance. The Swiss Expedition, the second this year, has had to abandon its attempt when, according to reports from New Delhi, success only eluded it by a bare 200 ft. or so. In the spring a British team, led by Colonel John Hunt, will try its utmost to conquer Everest and win for Britain in Coronation Year the victory that many nations have long striven for. If they fail, the French will make an attempt in 1954. Details of the last stages of the gallant Swiss attempt have not been received at the time of writing, but mountaineering authorities have expressed the view that their oxygen equipment failed to enable the climbers to penetrate the "invisible barrier" which has turned back expedition after expedition within

STEPPING-STONES TO THE UNCONQUERED SUMMIT OF MOUNT EVEREST: CAMPS I, II, III AND IV



MIDWAY UP THE KHUMBU ICEFALL: CAMP NO. II, ESTABLISHED ON OCTOBER 10 AT 18,375 FT. THE EXPEDITION FOUND THE GLACIER IN BETTER CONDITION THAN IN THE SPRING. THEY CROSSED THE LARGE CREVASSE RATHER MORE TO THE SOUTH THAN BEFORE.

a couple of thousand feet of the summit. The British 1953 expedition is working on a new type of oxygen equipment which it is hoped may prove successful. A tragedy befell the recent Swiss expedition on October 31, when one Sherpa was killed and three injured in an accident during a fall of ice debris below the Eperon des Gênevols, the dark mass of projecting rock below the saddle of the South Col. M. René Dittert, a member of the first Swiss Everest expedition earlier this year, ascribed the recent failure largely to a last-minute decision to change the route of the intermediate stage of the assault after the accident. In spite of fine weather to start with, the climbers encountered an unbearable wind on the south summit and a temperature of thirty degrees below.

(Photographs and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times.")



APPROACHING THE THRESHOLD OF THE SUMMIT OF EVEREST: CAMP NO. IV, AT 21,162 FT., LOOKING TOWARDS LHOTSE AND THE SOUTH COL (LEFT). UNLIKE THE SPRING EXPEDITION, THE SWISS THIS TIME FOUND THE LHOTSE GLACIER ALREADY SNOWBOUND.

ESTABLISHED BY THE SWISS EXPEDITION IN THE LONG CLIMB THAT SO NEARLY LED TO SUCCESS.



MR. JAMES LAVER, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. James Laver was born in 1899 and educated at Liverpool Institute and New College, Oxford. He is married to Miss Veronica Turleigh, the distinguished actress. Mr. Laver, who is Keeper of the Departments of Engraving, Illustration and Design, and of Paintings, at the Victoria and Albert Museum, has written and edited a great many books and is also a successful playwright.

The only one I have hitherto seen was on "Gardens," by Sir William Beach Thomas, of whom the same might be said. It appears, from the nature of these two I have read, that the general idea is of anthologies of passages from authors of various periods, illuminated by running commentaries. The size of the volumes precludes complete historical surveys: the scheme rules out much connected theorising about evolutionary hypotheses. Those who wish for such things may resort to other mangers, and come away with their gullets full of bran and their heads full of conjectures and unresolved arguments. What we have here really are interesting and amusing miscellanies which can be dipped into anywhere, and the chapters of which can be read in inverse order without any loss of enjoyment or instruction.

For myself, I don't know that I have obtained much scientific enlightenment from Mr. Laver, and I am not sure that I want it. I propose to continue wearing clothes (as I write, I wonder whether the pipes are going to freeze, with my dog and I reduced to drinking melted ice from the pond) and, when I put on a cricket-blazer next summer, I shall be glad of the show of colour, and not worry myself at all as to whether I am donning the garment to attract the other sex or to emphasise my social status—which the grim philosophers of dress, pallid and worn beside their midnight lamps, seem to have decided to be the two chief motives for wearing resplendent costume.



"A FAMILY GROUP IN PROMENADE COSTUME," 1854.

But I have certainly had a good deal of entertainment out of the book, shall always find it a pleasant volume to dip into, and have picked up several scraps of information new to me, been invited to consider

• "Clothes." By James Laver. Illustrated. (Burke; 21s.)

ONE OF THE PLEASURES OF LIFE.

"CLOTHES"; By JAMES LAVER.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

several aspects of dress which I have formerly overlooked, and introduced to some charming writings which I have never before encountered.

Mr. Laver quotes freely from old monkish and Puritan inveighers against luxury and fashion, and gives many engaging extracts from nineteenth-century critics (some, like Mrs. Oliphant, extremely acute); but his volume is especially lightened by numerous snatches of verse. Some of these—for example those from Herrick, Christopher Anstey and Henry Luttrell—are well known, but there are numbers of delightful, anonymous songs and lampoons from unfamiliar old collections, and even some contemporary verses, which I am surprised not to have met before and which would adorn any new edition of Locker-Lampson's exquisite old "Lyra Elegantiarum." One of these authors, Jacques Reval, is certainly worth following up—I am to take it that he is a real individual, and not Mr. Laver in disguise, modestly veiling his known metrical talent.

Another thing I should like to follow up, when I am next within reach of a set of Halsbury's "Laws of

point about rouge was that it lent the lady a seductive glamour which the man mistook for the lady's own. And suppose that the parties were at loggerheads. One might say: "Like other Gentlemen, I have always Preferred Blondes. I found that the golden hair I thought to be real was really false, and that her own hair was black, and that there was very little of it even at that. I wish the marriage to be declared null and void, and the penalties for witchcraft enforced." The other might reply: "Oh! you awful liar. The first time you told me that you loved me, I said that I wasn't going to sail under false colours. I took off my wig, I removed my false teeth, and I offered to detach my wooden leg, and what you said was, 'Darling, I love you even more now than before because of your utter honesty.'" One can hear the judge's voice mumbling out: "Gentlemen of the Jury, one of the parties in this case is committing perjury. You have seen them both; you have witnessed their demeanour in the witness-box, etc., etc., etc." Leave to appeal would doubtless be granted.

Among the odd things in this book which I shall

remember there are several others. "It is strange to reflect," says Mr. Laver, "that the sporran preceded the kilt, but it is almost certainly true. Early hunters often found it convenient to tie things to the body instead of carrying them in the hand; and the most convenient place to tie them turned out to be the waist. A pouch hung from the waistband was a real advance; and a pouch it remained even when clothes had been developed underneath it. It was not until the seventeenth century that the pocket or little poke or bag was inserted into the clothes themselves." I am delighted to find that that savage advocate of sumptuary laws, Philip Stubbes, described starch as "the devil's liquor," though his objection was not mine. And I shall not forget Mr. Laver's reduction of men's hats to two main types. "The only two real hats men have ever had were not invented until the Mediæval world was passing into the Renaissance. These were the cap and the 'topper.'" He develops his

theme with great persuasiveness. But he does omit one type: and that is the slouch. The Laughing Cavalier wore it, and many another Cavalier, with or without feathers. And to-day it lends an irresistible attraction to the heads of Australian



"LAUNDERING RUFFS"; BY CRISPIN VAN DER PASSE (1564-1637).

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Clothes"; by courtesy of the publisher, the Burke Publishing Company, Ltd.

England," is the Act of Parliament against Cosmetics which Mr. Laver says was passed in 1770. He gives this extract, which sounds more like a piece of Preamble than a Clause:

That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall, from and after such Act, *impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony*, any of His Majesty's subjects, by the scents, paints, *cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair*, Spanish wool [wool impregnated with carmine, and used to this day as a rouge], iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanours, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void.

Mr. Laver does not say if or when this wildly optimistic Act was repealed. Is it, by any chance, still on the Statute Book? If so, what a beautiful opening there is for one of our square-jawed, literal-minded Colonel-Chief-Constables, who occasionally pounce on raffles as lotteries (which, of course, they are!), to let hell loose in Brighton, Blackpool or the West End of London! And what a Paradisal vista for the lawyers! Whether or not there are still penalties for witchcraft on the Statute Book I do not know; nor am I sure what "like misdemeanours" are. But, ruling all that out, how ample here is backing for the views of those cynics who cruelly maintain that the lawyers in Parliament have always striven to ensure that the wording of Acts should be such as to secure full employment for their brethren in the courts! For, be it noted, the crime is not possessing or wearing wigs, false teeth, etc. (which would certainly involve the Ministry of Health as accessories), but the seduction or betrayal therewith. If the parties to the marriage were both anxious to remain married, it would be the easiest thing in the world for them both to swear that the husband said when proposing: "I loathe all that horrible paint on your face, but I suppose you have to do it because all the other girls do it, and I love you in spite of it"—and a charge for seduction by rouge would hardly lie—though even at that the Crown (which I take it would be prosecutor) might carry the case to the House of Lords on the contention that the whole



"FLORENCE AND PARTHENOPE NIGHTINGALE" c. 1836; BY WILLIAM WHITE.

soldiers and the dustmen of the City of Westminster.

The illustrations to this book are worthy of the text. That remark may sound ambiguous, but it is meant in a complimentary sense.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1004 of this issue.

THE HOME FLEET'S ARCTIC CRUISE: TESTING PROTECTIVE CLOTHING IN THE FAR NORTH.



(ABOVE.) WORN OVER A STANDARD LIFE-JACKET: THE LATEST ONE-PIECE SURVIVAL SUIT FOR MEN IN THE NAVY WHO MAY HAVE TO ABANDON SHIP IN ARCTIC SEAS.

(ABOVE.) THE NEW SURVIVAL SUIT IN ACTION IN THE ARCTIC: A TOUGH ADMIRALTY "BOFFIN" SEEN FLOATING IN THE ICY WATERS DURING A RECENT TEST.

IN November a strong force of ships, manned by more than 6000 officers and men, sailed from Rosyth for the Home Fleet's Arctic cruise. The force included H.M.S. *Vanguard*, flagship of Admiral Sir George Creasy, C.-in-C., Home Fleet, the aircraft carrier *Eagle*, the destroyer *Diamond* and other ships. The purpose of the

[Continued opposite.

(RIGHT.) AN ENDURANCE TEST CARRIED OUT BY AIR CREWS OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER *Eagle* OFF THE EAST COAST OF GREENLAND: MEN JUMPING FROM A BOAT INTO THE WATER, PRACTISING FOR A FORCED LANDING IN THE SEA. THE MAN IN THE WATER (RIGHT) IS FLOATING IN A SURVIVAL SUIT.



Continued.] cruise was to give officers and ratings experience of operations in severe weather and to test equipment and communications. The photographs on this page were taken in the Arctic either aboard or from H.M.S. *Eagle*, and show the new types of clothing, designed to protect the wearers in sub-zero temperatures. During the cruise H.M.S. *Vanguard* made radio contact with the British North Greenland Expedition. The ships of the Home Fleet that took part in the Arctic cruise have now returned to their home ports in good time for Christmas leave.



(ABOVE.) A RATING IN PROTECTIVE CLOTHING MANNING THE SIGNAL LAMP ABOARD H.M.S. *EAGLE*, WHILE ANOTHER IS CHIPPING ICE OFF THE DECK. (RIGHT.) NAVY "BOFFINS" SEEN ABOARD H.M.S. *EAGLE* IN SUITS DESIGNED TO KEEP THE WEARERS WARM IN THE SEVEREST WEATHER.



700 YEARS OF ENGLISH QUEENS: MINIATURES OF QUEENS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY, MADE ENTIRELY OF STITCHES, FROM THE LILIAN LUNN COLLECTION.



QUEEN MARY, an expert needlewoman herself, has shown much interest in Mrs. Lilian Lunn's costume figures, which are made entirely from sewing thread, strands of wool, chenille and velvet cord, the faces being embroidered on a wool foundation, and comprising as many as 80,000 stitches in one

(Continued below.)

(LEFT) ELIZABETH OF CASTILE, FIRST CONSORT OF EDWARD I, c. 1200-1250. SHE WAS THE MOTHER OF THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES. THE FIGURE HAS PALE LAVENDER HAIR; THE CLOAK IS PALE BLUE; THE DRESS WHITE, WITH RUST STRIPES, AND THE GIRDLE IS GOLD.



PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT, CONSORT OF EDWARD III, BORN 1314, DIED 1369. THE UNDER-DRESS ON THE FIGURE IS PURPLE, THE SURCOAT BEING PALE BLUE EDGED WITH ERMINE.

(Continued.) City Art Galleries of Leeds, Birkenhead, Bristol, Manchester, Cardiff, Stoke, Haigh Hall, Rochdale, being due to reach London in the autumn. The original collection was seen by nearly 500,000 people in six years of travel. The figures are all 12 to 14 ins. high and the

(Continued below.)

(RIGHT) KATHERINE OF VAUOIS, CONSORT OF HENRY V, BORN 1401, DIED 1427. HER SON, HENRY VI, WAS BORN IN DECEMBER 1421, ONLY ABOUT MONTH BEFORE THE DEATH OF HENRY V. THE UNDER-DRESS AND SKIRT ON THE FIGURE ARE WHITE, EMBROIDERED GREEN-GOLD AND THE SURCOAT IS SCARLET.



(Continued.) character and age of the people they represent is achieved entirely by tension of stitch. It must be emphasized that the whole process is done by stitches, and no paint whatsoever is used. Something of the delicacy and intricacy of the work is conveyed in an account published some time ago in *The Manchester*

(Continued below.)

(Continued.) model. In our issue of December 15, 1951, we illustrated some of these costume figures which were at that time being exhibited in London. A Coronation Collection of Mrs. Lunn's figures shows costume designs and famous personalities of the last 700 years and includes a set of "700 Years of Queens in Miniature."

(Continued below.)



QUEEN MARY II, BORN 1665, DIED 1694. SHE WAS CROWNED JOINT-SOVEREIGN WITH HER HUSBAND, WILLIAM III, IN 1689. THE GOWN ON THE FIGURE IS BLUE AND GOLD AND THE CLOAK MAROON AND GOLD.

(Continued.) which are illustrated on these pages. A new tour of Mrs. Lunn's Collection begins this month at the Graves Art Gallery in Sheffield, and will continue throughout Coronation Year at the

(Continued top, centre.)

(RIGHT) CHARLOTTE OF NECKLENBURG-STRELITZ, CONSORT OF GEORGE III, BORN IN 1744, DIED 1818. THE FIGURE HAS GRAY HAIR DECORATED WITH GOLD ORNAMENTS, AND THE DRESS IS MADE FROM GOLD AND SILVER THREAD.



ANNE, QUEEN-REGNANT, BORN 1665, DIED 1714. SHE SUCCEEDED WILLIAM III, ON MARCH 8, 1702, BEING CROWNED ON APRIL 21. HER HUSBAND, PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK, DIED IN 1708. THE GOWN ON THE FIGURE IS GREEN EMBROIDERED WITH GOLD THREAD AND EDGED WITH ERMINE; THE CLOAK IS DEEP RED.

(Continued.) " . . . the faces are of wool; on this the features are embroidered in fine silk . . . and the whole is a monument of skill . . . But the true cause for surprise is that, working with this meticulous technique, Mrs. Lunn has been able to invest her figures with so much character and spontaneity.

(Continued on right.)



QUEEN ADELAIDE, CONSORT OF WILLIAM IV. BORN 1792, DIED 1849. AFTER THE DEATH IN 1837 OF WILLIAM IV, WHO WAS SUCCEEDED BY HIS NIECE, QUEEN VICTORIA, QUEEN ADELAIDE LAPSED INTO INVALIDISM. HER TWO DAUGHTERS HAD DIED IN INFANCY. THE FIGURE HAS GOLDEN HAIR, THE CLOAK IS PURPLE EDGED WITH ERMINE, AND THE GOWN IS A PALE SHADE OF BLUE.



QUEEN MARY, CONSORT OF GEORGE V, WHO WAS BORN IN 1867. QUEEN MARY, WHO HAS SHOWN GREAT INTEREST IN THE LILIAN LUNN MINIATURE FIGURES, HAS DESCRIBED THE MODEL OF HERSELF AS A "SKILFUL REPRODUCTION." THE DRESS ON THE FIGURE IS IN BLACK.

(Continued.) Besides the individual face, Mrs. Lunn succeeds with the more subtle business of the 'period face,' the indefinable ways in which the Edwardian differs from the Regency, the

(Continued above, right.)

(RIGHT) HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II, BEFORE HER ACCESSION TO THE THRONE IN FEBRUARY 1953. THE FIGURE HAS A GOLD AND YELLOW UNDER-DRESS, AND A PALE GREEN OVER-DRESS DECORATED IN DARK GREEN AND GOLD.



QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1844 AS A YOUNG WOMAN OF TWENTY-FIVE. BORN IN 1819, SHE DIED IN 1901. THE FIGURE HAS A BRIGHT PINK DRESS WITH SILVER LACE ON THE TOP, SLEEVES AND FLOUNCE.



QUEEN VICTORIA AS AN OLD LADY AT ABOUT THE TIME OF HER DIAMOND JUBILEE IN 1897. QUEEN VICTORIA REIGNED FROM 1837 TO 1901, LONGER THAN ANY OTHER ENGLISH SOVEREIGN. THIS FIGURE OF THE OLD QUEEN IS ABOUT 10½ INS. HIGH; THE DRESS IS BLACK.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA, CONSORT OF EDWARD VII, AS PRINCESS OF WALES IN 1875. SHE WAS BORN IN 1844 AND DIED IN 1925. THE FRONT OF THE GOWN AND THE BODICE TRIM IS MADE OF GOLD LACE, TRIMMED WITH RUBIES; THE BACK AND BODICE OF THE DRESS ARE GREEN.

(Continued.) Regency from the Tudor or Victorian. . . . The present collection comprises approximately 2,000,000 stitches! The costumes, which illustrate the history of fashion through the

(Continued below.)



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER; CONSORT OF KING GEORGE VI. HER MAJESTY IS SHOWN IN THIS FIGURE BY LILIAN LUNN WEARING A WHITE GOWN EMBROIDERED WITH GOLD AND WITH RUBY JEWELLERY.

(Continued.) centuries, are accurate in every detail, including jewellery and accessories. Some of the figures have been modelled from paintings. Mrs. Lunn first began experimenting in wool twelve years ago, after having tried the usual mediums for modelling and finding them unsuitable. In recognition of her work on this Collection Mrs. Lilian Lunn has been elected an Associate of the International Faculty of Arts.

COMPULSORY national service affects the vast majority of families in the land. It is foreign to British tradition. It interrupts education and weakens the force available for trade, industry and the professions. It touches parents, and perhaps most of all mothers, in a way that often arouses strong emotion. It is therefore a subject which should be handled with care, and anyone who makes a facile appeal to sentiment or prejudice when dealing with it is playing an ugly, cynical game. How much easier it is to denounce the system than to present reasoned arguments about it! Easiest of all is to justify abolition or a sharp reduction in the period by the plea that "the danger of war has receded." This may be so, but the recession is at best no more than a probability, and, supposing it exists, it might be brought to an end within a month or two. Moreover, if it has in fact occurred, it is largely due to the strengthening of the forces of the West, and a great part in that has been played by the British Army, which has been remoulded—virtually re-created—by the two-years service. Morally and in military efficiency, Britain is the strongest of the European nations in the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation.

The argument has also been advanced that, since some economies have been made in the production of armaments, they should be matched by similar economies in military man-power, to be made by reducing the period of service from two years to eighteen months. Yet it is not difficult to show that the latter economy would exercise worse effects upon the duties of the Army than the former. In several respects armaments have made such great strides that they can be described as having reached a satisfactory position. The production of *Centurion* tanks is an example. For certain commitments now on the Army's hands much of the heavy armament which would be required in a major war is not needed, but the demands for men are very high. In other words, the needs of defence are based on all the duties which have to be performed in all parts of the world, not simply on the creation of divisions equipped on a full scale for a major war, though that is undoubtedly the first consideration.

Three arguments exist which might be put forward in favour of some reduction in military man-power, though only at most for a minor reduction. The first is a certain increase in Regular enlistments. It should be noted that, though this has been represented as a saving from the point of view of industry, a Regular soldier or airman is withdrawn from civil life just as is a conscript. He does, however, become more useful to the Services. The second is that one of the reasons for compulsory national service was the creation of a reserve, and that this has now been formed. The third is that, as in all large military forces, a proportion of the man-power is wasted or not fully employed. Again a caution is necessary. I heard an eminent speaker on the radio urge that more jobs performed by Service men should be taken over by civilians. The only saving here would be that some of these civilians would be above military age and below the standard of military fitness. A good deal has been done in this respect already, and the substitution has been useful. Yet it cannot be carried beyond a certain point. I have visited establishments where the civilian labour knocks off as the clock strikes, and have been made to realise that this may act as a handicap.

I am not prepared to say whether these considerations combine to justify some small reduction. If they do, I am certain in my own mind and believe my view would have strong support among those who have to deal with these matters instead of writing about them, that it would be more practical to extend the scope of exemption from service than to reduce the period. The principle of exemption is not in itself desirable, since it offends against that of equality of sacrifice. (The word "sacrifice" may sound too strong; but, though it is true that military service does not represent a sacrifice to all, it undoubtedly does to many.) Exemption, however, has already been recognised and is in force. There can be no immediate question of its being carried out on a large scale. Whatever its disadvantages, I am convinced that it would represent the lesser of two evils. I felt confident in advance that the Secretary of State for War, Mr. Head, would declare against a curtailment of the two-years period of compulsory national service.

When this problem is discussed it is generally the rank and file who are considered. The officers should not be forgotten. The officer undergoing compulsory

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. NATIONAL SERVICE UNDER REVIEW.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

national service has become an important element and could not easily be dispensed with. Were his period of service shortened to eighteen months, he would lose much of his value while he was a member of the fighting forces and would also take back with him into civil life a lesser fund of experience. Military manoeuvres in Europe have shown the superiority of the young British national service officers to those of other countries who do a shorter period. Quite apart from respective efficiency in training, which need not here be discussed, ours are just beginning to reach their best at a moment when those of the Continental nations are packing their bags to return home. And

disadvantages of reduction in the period of service become apparent.

It may be regrettable that young men undergoing national service should have to fight in Korea and Malaya, but it is less so than that there should be fighting in those countries. The general estimate is that, if service were reduced to eighteen months, the national service man would be available in Korea for five months only. If it were reduced to a year, he could not serve there at all. It takes a very long time to transport forces to Korea, and a long time to any part of Asia, and the process is costly in cash and shipping as well as in time. I have spoken of

waste of man-power in other directions, but time spent at sea, however necessary, is the greatest waste of all. It cannot be avoided, but, on the other hand, it cannot be allowed to take up a ridiculously high proportion of the whole period of national service. There is no difficulty in whipping up emotion on this subject, because we all feel emotional about it. The hard reality remains, however, that when the nation accepts the arbitrament of arms, it cannot afford to take half-measures, and will merely pave the way to its own defeat if it does.

So far, the demands upon the country have not lessened since it was decided that the period of service should be two years. The losses in Korea have indeed been less during the period, now approaching a year and a half, since truce negotiations were begun; but it has not become possible to decrease the force in the peninsula. The same is true of the different sort of warfare in Malaya. Other calls may come suddenly and urgently, as was proved not long ago in the Suez Canal Zone. The world is to-day in a dangerous and troubled condition, and the shutting of our eyes to its ugly realities will not abolish them. Not only has the British Commonwealth and Empire as many commitments to provide for and as many risks to face as ever; it has also to deal with them without that magnificent force

which in older times nipped so many causes of conflict in the bud, won so many small wars in an incredibly short period of time and, when great wars occurred, fought efficiently and heroically in them too—the old Indian Army. That gap has to be filled, and can be filled only by our own men.

One other point is worth mention. We have been told that among the reasons which prompted the decision of the late Government to raise the period of national service from eighteen months to two years was the hope of inducing the Continental nations to take similar steps. As they have not done so, it is suggested that we should go back upon our undertaking. "Unfair to Britons! The army of Ruritania is armed with calivers and crossbows. Why should the British Army have to be equipped with expensive automatic rifles and Bren guns?" We can reasonably feel some pique that the Continental nations have not made greater efforts to render their forces efficient, but we are surely not going to weaken ours in a fit of sulks. We maintain and arm our forces because they appear to be necessary, not—certainly not primarily—to set an example. If the Continental nations are inclined to be weak-kneed about defence, it is for us to strengthen their wills and their confidence. Should we be going the best way about it by allowing them to suppose that we were as weak-kneed as they? British

forces to-day have won respect everywhere. Let us keep it.

I do not pretend that all reductions are impossible; in fact, I began this article by putting forward some respectable arguments which might be used to prove that certain reductions were practicable. Yet it is fatally easier to undo than to achieve and difficult to restore what is undone. The times do not yet justify the policy of undoing. It is therefore not only a bad policy but also one which it is frivolous even to suggest, because such suggestions tend to unsettle public opinion. Votes won by them might prove to be dearly bought. To talk as though we were out of the wood already is either the height of stupidity or the height of wickedness. The young men of our country have borne their burdens, which are heavier than those of any European country, spiritedly and without undue self-pity. The time to shed them has unfortunately not yet come.



"THE YOUNG MEN OF OUR COUNTRY HAVE BORNE THEIR BURDENS . . . SPIRITEDLY AND WITHOUT UNDUE SELF-PITY": TWO PRIVATES, TYPICAL OF THE BRITISH INFANTRYMAN, MANNING A BREN GUN IN A RESERVE COMPANY POSITION ON THE WESTERN FRONT IN KOREA.

In the article on this page Captain Cyril Falls discusses some aspects of conscription for the Services and concludes that this is not the time to consider reducing the period of National Service. Our photograph shows two British infantrymen on the Korean front, as being representative of the young men of our country to whom Captain Falls pays tribute.



IN CONFERENCE AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE 1ST BN, THE DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY, IN KOREA: (FROM L. TO R.) CAPTAIN P. M. GREENWELL; CAPTAIN N. HUDGSON; LIEUTENANT P. S. HAYES; LIEUT.-COLONEL P. JEFFREYS; CAPTAIN R. E. SCOTT; AND MAJOR W. G. SKILTON, WHO COMES FROM CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

In the article on this page Captain Falls states that the officer undergoing compulsory National Service has become an important element and could not easily be dispensed with. Many of these officers are serving in Korea and take part in conferences similar to that featured above.

some of the advocates of a reduction from two years to eighteen months have not stopped there. They have suggested that the next stage should be a reduction to one year. It is impossible in modern times to create efficient fighting forces on this basis.

As regards the rank and file, a man can be taught to look after himself, to handle a rifle or serve a gun, to drive a truck and, in fact, to perform the simpler military duties, in less than eighteen months. Within that period, however, he is only just beginning to acquire proficiency as a pilot, a tank-gunner, or a craftsman. So he, in his turn, would be packing his bags just as he was on the point of becoming a valuable member of the corps or unit in which he was serving. I have argued before this that the transformation of the British Army which has taken place in the last couple of years would have been impossible but for the last six months of the two-year period of service.

ROYAL OCCASIONS—INCLUDING THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S RETURN, AND FIRST STAMPS OF THE REIGN.



ARRIVING AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND FOR LUNCHEON ON DECEMBER 4: H.M. THE QUEEN BEING GREETED BY THE GOVERNOR, MR. C. F. COBBOLD. ON THE RIGHT IS THE SENIOR BANK GATE-KEEPER, MR. T. C. JONES.



ADDRESSING MEMBERS OF THE STAFF OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND ASSEMBLED IN THE GARDEN COURT: H.M. THE QUEEN SPEAKING FROM A BALCONY. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove to the City on December 4 and were entertained to luncheon at the Bank of England by the Governor and Directors. The last visit by a reigning Sovereign to the Bank was that of King George V. in 1917. After lunch the Royal visitors toured the great building. Then they went out on the balcony overlooking the garden court, and the Queen addressed members of the Bank's staff assembled below.



AT THE CEREMONY DURING WHICH QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER UNVEILED THE LONDON SCOTTISH MEMORIAL: A PIPER PLAYING A LAMENT. On December 1 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother unveiled at the Regimental headquarters of The London Scottish at Buckingham Gate, S.W., a memorial to the officers and men of the Regiment who died in World War II. Watched by about 1000 relatives, old comrades and serving members of the Regiment, the Queen Mother, who is honorary Colonel of the Regiment, pulled a golden cord to unveil the memorial, which bears 382 names of officers and men. A service was conducted by the Regimental Chaplain, the Rev. R. F. V. Scott.



SHOPPING FOR CHRISTMAS: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET LEAVING AN ANTIQUE SHOP IN MUSEUM STREET, LONDON, ON DECEMBER 4. A NUMBER OF PEOPLE GATHERED OUTSIDE THE SHOP TO GREET THEM.



THE QUEEN WELCOMES THE DUCHESS OF KENT HOME: HER MAJESTY (LEFT) AT LONDON AIRPORT ON DECEMBER 2, WITH THE DUCHESS OF KENT, THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET (RIGHT). The Queen welcomed the Duchess of Kent home at London Airport on December 2, after her tour of the Far East. She had travelled from Rome in a B.E.A. *Elizabethan* airliner, which also brought the Duke of Edinburgh back to London from Malta. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Gloucester, Prince Michael of Kent and Princess Alexandra were all at the airport with the Queen to congratulate the Duchess of Kent on her successful tour.



POSTED ON THE DAY OF ISSUE: SOME OF THE FIRST LETTERS TO BEAR THE STAMPS OF THE NEW REIGN BEING POSTED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE IN LONDON, JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT ON DECEMBER 5, IN SPECIAL ENVELOPES.

EMBLEMS OF THE ROYAL AND SACRED OFFICE OF BRITISH SOVEREIGNTY: PART



THE CROWN OF ENGLAND, OR ST. EDWARD'S CROWN, WITH WHICH QUEEN ELIZABETH II. WILL DOUBTLESS BE CROWNED AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY. MADE FOR CHARLES II.



THE SOVEREIGN'S ORB, WHICH IS ONLY PUT INTO THE HANDS OF KINGS OR QUEENS REGNANT; THE SPURS, EMBLEMS OF KNIGHTHOOD; AND THE CORONATION RING OF WILLIAM IV., ALSO WORN BY EDWARD VII. AND GEORGE V.



THE TWO MOST ANCIENT OBJECTS IN THE REGALIA: THE AMPULLA, OR GOLDEN EAGLE, WHICH CONTAINS THE ANOINTING OIL; AND THE ANOINTING SPOON, WHOSE HANDLE IS PROBABLY BYZANTINE.



ST. EDWARD'S STAFF (LEFT) AND, ABOVE, THE HEAD OF THE SOVEREIGN'S SCEPTRE WITH THE CROSS, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE CULLINAN DIAMOND, KNOWN AS THE "STAR OF AFRICA." (3½ INS. IN HEIGHT).

The Regalia of British Sovereignty consists of a number of objects whose value cannot be assessed. Intrinsically their worth is immense; and the historic associations of these emblems of the Royal and Sacred character of the Office of Kingship make them treasures of incalculable importance. Two Crowns—the Crown of England and the Imperial State Crown, will be used at the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. next year. The Crown of England, or St. Edward's Crown, is placed on the head of the Sovereign by the Archbishop of Canterbury before the Intronization. It was made for the Coronation of Charles II., designed to resemble as closely as possible the ancient Crown of England destroyed under the Commonwealth. It consists of a rim of gold, set with rosettes of gems surrounded by diamonds, above which are

alternate crosses-patées and fleurs-de-lys. From the top of the crosses rise two arches crossing each other and curving down at the point of meeting, which symbolise independent sovereignty. At the intersection is a gold mound bearing a cross set with jewels and pearls. The Imperial State Crown, which weighs 39 ozs. 5 dwt., is worn by the Sovereign after the crowning with St. Edward's Crown, and on leaving the Abbey. Made for Queen Victoria in 1838, it contains some of the world's most famous jewels. Chief among these is the Black Prince's Ruby, presented to him in 1367 by Don Pedro, King of Castile; and worn by Henry V. at Agincourt. Immediately below it, in front of the Crown, is set the second largest portion of the Cullinan diamond; and the Stuart Sapphire, left by Cardinal York to George III.,

OF THE SPLENDID REGALIA TO BE USED AT THE CORONATION NEXT YEAR.

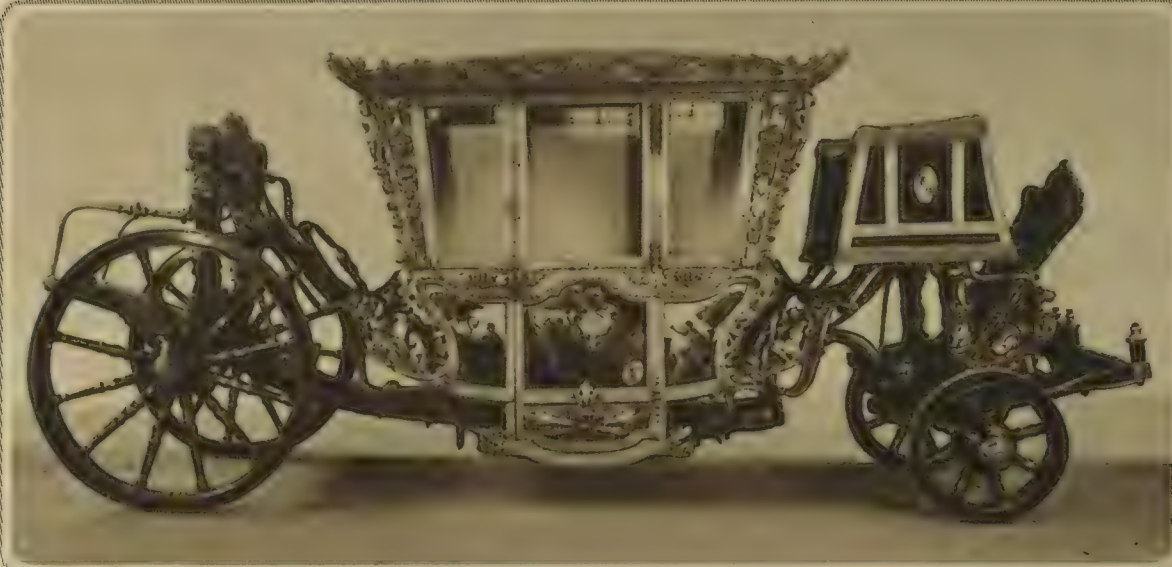


THE KING'S SCEPTRE WITH THE CROSS (LEFT) SHOWN IN ITS ENTIRETY; THE IMPERIAL STATE CROWN (ABOVE), MADE IN 1838 FOR QUEEN VICTORIA, SHOWING THE BLACK PRINCE'S RUBY (6.2 INS. IN HEIGHT) IN THE LOWER CROSS PATÉE, JUST ABOVE THE SECOND LARGEST PORTION OF THE CULLINAN DIAMOND (1.1 INS. IN HEIGHT); THE SAPPHIRE FROM THE RING OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR (6.1 INCHES SQUARE) IN THE CROSS PATÉE AT THE TOP; AND PEARLS SAID TO HAVE BELONGED TO ELIZABETH I.; THE STUART SAPPHIRE OCCUPIES THE SAME POSITION AT THE BACK OF THE CROWN AS DOES THE BLACK PRINCE'S RUBY AT THE FRONT. THE SOVEREIGN'S SCEPTRE WITH THE DOVE IS SHOWN ON THE RIGHT.

occupies the same position, at the back of the Crown, as does the Black Prince's Ruby at the front. The Sapphire from Edward the Confessor's ring is in the centre of the cross patée at the top of the Crown. The two most ancient objects in the Regalia are those associated with the rite of Anointing the Sovereign, the Ampulla, or Golden Eagle, which contains the oil, and the Anointing Spoon. The age of the Ampulla is uncertain, but it has been said it was that used at the Coronation of Henry IV. The handle of the Spoon is believed to be of Byzantine origin. The Sovereign's Orb, of gold, was made for Charles II., and is remarkable for the fine amethyst, 14 ins. in height, on which the cross patée at the top stands. The Sovereign holds the Royal Sceptre with the Cross in his right hand at his Coronation. At its head is a cross-patée of

diamonds with an emerald in the centre supported by an amethyst orb with a jeweled band; and below this the "Star of Africa," or largest part of the Cullinan Diamond, is held in place by enamelled and jewelled curves of gold which can be moved to release the stone. The Sceptre with the Dove is borne in the left hand, and signifies the Holy Ghost, believed specially to guide Sovereigns. King Edward's staff of gold, 4 ft. 7½ ins. long, is also for the guidance of the Monarch, and is tipped with a steel pike. A piece of the True Cross is believed to be in the golden mound at its head. The Golden Spurs are the emblems of Knighthood. The Coronation Ring of William IV. is a sapphire set with a cross of five rubies. [Photographer, Crown Copyright Reserved.]

THE OLDEST STATE COACH TO TAKE PART IN THE CORONATION PAGEANTRY: THE SPEAKER'S STATE COACH.



THE OLDEST OF THE STATE COACHES WHICH WILL TAKE PART IN THE CORONATION PAGEANTRY: THE SPEAKER'S COACH, WHICH WAS ORIGINALLY A ROYAL COACH, NOW BEING REFURBISHED AND MADE ROADWORTHY.



THE REAR VIEW OF THE SPEAKER'S STATE COACH, SHOWING THE ELABORATE, LATE RENAISSANCE CARVING AND RICH GILDING—AND A GLIMPSE OF THE REAR PANEL.



THE OFF-SIDE LEFT-HAND PAINTED PANEL OF THE SPEAKER'S COACH. THE PAINTER IS UNKNOWN, BUT MAY WELL HAVE BEEN SIR JAMES THORNHILL.



THE OFF-SIDE CENTRE PANEL. THE ALLEGORICAL SUBJECT MAY WELL BE WILLIAM III. RECEIVING MAGNA CHARTA AND THE BILL OF RIGHTS FROM BRITANNIA.



THE OFF-SIDE RIGHT PANEL: SHOWING A FIGURE WITH (PERHAPS) A PLUMB-LINE. THE CREST IS THAT OF CAPTAIN FITZROY, SPEAKER AT THE LAST CORONATION.



THE NEAR-SIDE LEFT PANEL. HERE THE FIGURES BEAR A NUMBER OF CLASSICAL ATTRIBUTES, THE CADUCEUS, THE MIRROR OF VENUS AND THE LYRE OF APOLLO.



THE NEAR-SIDE CENTRE PANEL. ON THE ANALOGY OF THE OTHER CENTRE PANEL, THIS MAY WELL BE MARY II. RECEIVING GIFTS. THE ARMS ARE THOSE OF CAPTAIN FITZROY.



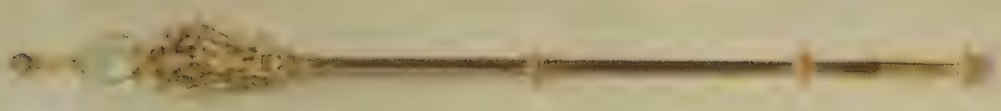
THE NEAR-SIDE RIGHT PANEL. A KEY, A LOCK AND WHAT APPEARS TO BE A SEAL ARE PROMINENT SYMBOLS IN THIS ALLEGORICAL COMPOSITION.

The State Coach of the Speaker of the House of Commons is used by Mr. Speaker on great State occasions, and will, in fact, be the oldest State Coach in the Coronation pageant. It is at present in the workshops of Messrs. Hoopers, the celebrated coach-builders, being made roadworthy, cleaned, furnished with a new hammer-cloth and its heraldry repainted. The origin of the coach is obscure, but it is known that it was originally a Royal State Coach, and believed to have been used as such by Queen Anne and the Hanoverian kings, up to and including George III.—in fact, until the building of the present Royal State Coach.

The allegorical paintings on the side, front and end panels, however, appear to refer to William III. and Mary II. and, although they have been repainted at various times, are tentatively ascribed to Sir James Thornhill. The coach weighs 2½ tons, has no brakes, and the body hangs on leather straps. The crests and arms which appear on our pictures are those of the late Captain Fitzroy, the Speaker at the time of the Silver Jubilee and the last Coronation. The arms are those of Charles II., but "debruised by a baton sinister-compony of six pieces, argent and azure." They are being replaced by the arms of the present Speaker.

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News."

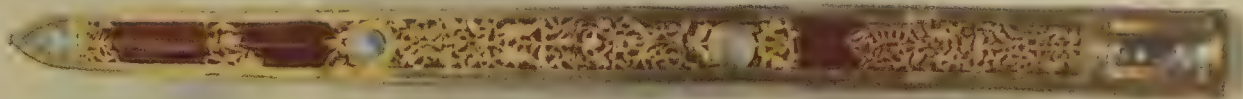
N.B.—Colour Supplement included here.



ORIGINALLY A GIFT FROM POPE ALEXANDER VI. TO JAMES IV. IN 1494: THE SCEPTRE OF GILDED SILVER.



REMODELLED FOR JAMES V. IN 1540: THE GOLD CROWN OF SCOTLAND, SET WITH TWENTY-TWO LARGE GEMS AND TWENTY PEARLS.



PRESENTED BY POPE JULIUS II. TO JAMES IV. IN 1507: THE SWORD OF STATE AND THE DECORATED SCABBARD.

TO BE CARRIED TO ST. GILES' WHEN HER MAJESTY ATTENDS A NATIONAL SERVICE DURING HER CORONATION VISIT TO EDINBURGH: THE SCOTTISH REGALIA OR "HONOURS OF SCOTLAND."

On November 18 it was announced that the Queen had expressed a wish to attend a National Service in St. Giles' on June 24, during the Coronation visit to Scotland, and that her Majesty desired that the "Honours of Scotland" should be carried to the Cathedral on the occasion of the Service. The Scottish Regalia, or "Honours of Scotland," consist of the Crown, Sceptre and Sword of State, emblems of kingly power when Scotland was a separate sovereign State. The Sceptre, presented in 1494 to James IV. by Pope Alexander VI., was remodelled by James V. The head, flanked by dolphins, bears figures of the Virgin and Child, St. James and St. Andrew; with, above,

a rock crystal globe surmounted by an oval globe and finial. The Crown of Scotland, refashioned by James V. in 1540, has a pearl and gem-set circle surmounted by ten crosses fleury and fleurs-de-lys. Where the arches meet is a celestial globe of enamelled gold surmounted by a cross set with pearls and an amethyst. The Sword of State, presented by Pope Julius II. to James IV. in 1507, has a pommel and handle of gilded silver. The wooden scabbard is covered in crimson velvet mounted with silver-gilt and enamel ornaments. The "Honours of Scotland," which are associated with several romantic episodes, are kept in the Crown Room, Edinburgh Castle.

Reproduced by permission of H.M. Stationery Office from "The Scottish Regalia," compiled by W. D. Collier, Queen's and Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer, for H.M. Stationery Office, Edinburgh.



INCLUDING HISTORIC GEMS NOW IN THE REGALIA OF BRITISH SOVEREIGNS: FACSIMILE REPRODUCTIONS OF DIAMONDS WHOSE GLITTERING BRILLIANCE IS MATCHED BY THEIR ROMANTIC HISTORIES.

On these pages we reproduce thirty facsimiles of celebrated and historic diamonds. The *Blue Tavernier*, found in the Golconda mines, was purchased in 1668 by Louis XIV. and by Mr. H. T. Hope in 1882. The *Star of the South*, largest of Brazilian diamonds, was sold for £40,000 to the Gaekwar of Baroda. The *Cullinan*, weight 3106 carats when found in South Africa, in 1905, is the largest stone ever found, and was presented to Edward VII. in 1907. It was cut into nine brilliants, the largest (Cullinan No. 1, The *Star of Africa*, which we illustrate) weighing 530 carats, 100 small stones and many unpolished "ends." The four largest stones are in the British Crown Jewels. The *Jonker*, found in South Africa in 1934, has been cut into twelve perfect gems, aggregating 358 carats. The *White Tavernier*, whose whereabouts are now unknown, was in the French Crown Jewels in 1791. The *Peaks of Egypt* is said to be the finest stone in the Egyptian treasures. The *Nassak*, named after a lower near Bombay, was in an Indian Temple. It was part of the Deccan booty taken by the East India Company after the war in 1818; and is now in the U.S.A. The *Great Mogul*, found in Golconda c. 1650, originally belonged to Emir Jemia, Viceroy to the King of Golkonda. Its present whereabouts is not known. The *Florentine Yellow* is in the Holburg, Vienna. *Matan*, originally owned by the Rajah of Matan, has never been examined by an expert; it may be quartz, not a diamond. The *Shah of Persia* passed by conquest from Indian to Iranian hands, was finally taken by Prince Cosroes to the Russian Court. The *Nizam* was brought from India by Hastings, and was given to Queen Charlotte, but is now owned by the Nizam of Hyderabad. The *Darya-i-nur* was carried off by Nadir Shah when he plundered the Delhi treasury in 1739. It belongs to

the Shah of Persia. The *Regent*, or *Pitt*, was bought by William Pitt when Governor of Fort St. George, Madras, from whom the Duc d'Orléans, Regent of France, acquired it. Napoleon had it mounted in the hilt of his sword. *Pigott*, acquired by Lord Pigott, Governor of Madras in 1776, was bought by Ali Pasha, and destroyed on his death by his orders. The *Polar Star*, is now in the Russian Treasury. The *Hope Blue* was acquired by Louis XIV. in 1668, and became the show piece of the French regalia. It entered the Hope Collection, and is now in America. It is considered an unlucky stone. The *Sancy*, said to have belonged to Charles the Bold, was among the Crown Jewels in the time of Elizabeth I. It has been owned by Mazarin, Louis XIV., Louis XV., Marie Antoinette and others; was purchased in 1892 by Mr. W. W. Astor. The *Stewart* was found in South Africa in 1872. The *Tiffany*, found in South Africa c. 1876, is a fine orange brilliant. The history of the *Koh-i-nur* (shown as originally cut and as cut in 1860) is known as far back as 1304. The East India Company presented it to Queen Victoria in 1850. She wore it as a brooch; but it is now in the Regalia. The *Jubilee*, first known as the *Reita*, was found in South Africa in 1895, and in 1897 renamed in honour of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. The *Jehan Akbar Shah* once belonged to the Emperor Akbar. It was bought by the Gaekwar of Baroda in 1867. The *Dresden Green* is an apple-green stone of the purest water. The *Star of South Africa*, or *Dudley*, found in 1850, was named after the Countess of Dudley. The *Orloff* was given to Catherine II. of Russia by Prince Orloff. The *Eugénie* was given to Potemkin by Catherine of Russia and then acquired by Napoleon II. for Empress Eugénie. It was later sold to the Gaekwar of Baroda. The *English Dresden*, found in Brazil c. 1853, was acquired by the Gaekwar of Baroda.



SHOWING THE GARMENTS, TWO LITTLE APRONS MADE OF STRIPS OF COTTON SEWN TOGETHER, WHICH THEY WEAR: YOUNG MEN OF THE FALI TRIBE, BESIDE TYPICAL DWELLING HOUSES.

These fine colour photographs of the *Fali*, a mountain race of the North Cameroons, were taken by M. Jean-Paul Lebeuf, Vice-President of the Society of French Explorers, who has provided us with the following information. The *Fali*, who belong to a group of peoples known collectively as the *Kirdi*, are fetishists. They were originally plain-dwellers, but in the early years of the nineteenth century they were driven to take refuge in the hills by *Peul* (or *Fallatas*) invaders, and have become a highland race. Their villages are usually built in the most remote parts of the mountains; the houses often grouped together in narrow defiles, or placed on the slopes of the mountains on sites which can only be approached on foot. The *Fali*, for festive occasions and also for work, dress themselves most carefully. Their garments consist of two little aprons made of strips of cotton sewn together, which cover the middle of the body and leave the chest and legs nude. The women keep up their



A TYPICAL FALI VILLAGE: THE HOUSES ARE USUALLY GROUPED TOGETHER IN REMOTE PARTS OF THE MOUNTAINS, OFTEN IN NARROW DEFILES OR ON SLOPES ONLY TO BE APPROACHED ON FOOT.

little garments of fibre by means of rows of different-coloured beads. They wear a great amount of jewellery, necklaces, bracelets and rings. They are particularly fond of red and yellow beads, of Central European manufacture, and cover their wrists, arms and legs with multiple rows of them. But it is, above all, the face which is most elaborately adorned. Their thick woolly hair is dyed with red ochre diluted with nut oil, their nostrils carry copper or aluminium studs, their lips are burdened with little discs of white marble, and their ears are surrounded by metal rings. The ornaments on the lips and in the ears are not, for the *Fali*, adornments pure and simple. They are symbolic decorations. The little discs of marble are intended to make the women look like toads. They knock together when they speak, and this noise is compared to a croaking, for, according to *Fali* mythology, "in the first days of the world the toad transmitted knowledge to human beings, who were then ignorant."

[Continued below.]



WITH HAIR DYED WITH RED OCHRE DILUTED WITH NUT-OIL, AND WEARING ROWS OF YELLOW AND RED BEADS OF EUROPEAN MANUFACTURE: A GROUP OF FALI WOMEN.



SHOWING THE DISC OF MARBLE ON HER LIPS IN HONOUR OF THE TOAD FROM WHICH THE FALI BELIEVE ALL KNOWLEDGE WAS ACQUIRED: A YOUNG FALI WOMAN.

A FETISHIST RACE OF THE NORTH CAMEROONS: THE FALI, A MOUNTAIN PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE THAT HUMAN BEINGS WERE FIRST TAUGHT KNOWLEDGE BY A TOAD.

[Continued.]

of everything, on condition that the women, to whom are assigned the important duty of imparting knowledge of various techniques to children, should so pierce their lips." As for the seven rings which surround the lobes of the ears, they represent the seven principal pillars which support the central court of *Fali* houses. Work among the tribe is divided between men and women, and, as is customary in Negro Africa, no man ever undertakes women's work, and no woman ever busies herself with an occupation specially assigned to men. The men hunt and make snares and nets, and construct the weapons and tools they

need. They fish in the few mountain streams, and also make the different kinds of ropes and cords required for their various activities and for use in the construction of their houses. Men's duties also include spinning the cotton, weaving the materials and making garments, but the women themselves make, out of bark and creepers, the plaited drawers which they wear. Women look after the young children, but as soon as these are able to walk they run about the villages alone. Every member of the family plays a part in the agricultural work, while the women, in addition, take charge of the little gardens near their houses.

BUILT AMID MOUNTAIN BOULDERS: FALI VILLAGES OF THE NORTH CAMEROONS.



A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LANDSCAPE IN A LITTLE-KNOWN PART OF AFRICA: A VIEW OF THE PLAIN WHICH EXTENDS FROM THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN RANGE OF BORI-PESKÉ.



COMPLETING THE DECORATION WHICH CROWNS THE ROOFS OF *FALI* GRANARIES AND SYMBOLISES THE NECKLACES OF THE WOMEN: A SKILFUL NATIVE BUILDER.



SHOWING HOW THEIR CIRCULAR DWELLINGS ARE PERCHED ON HILLSIDES: A TYPICAL *FALI* VILLAGE, CONSISTING OF NUMEROUS HOUSES WITH WELL-CONSTRUCTED ROOFS.

ON the facing page we reproduce colour photographs of the *Fali*, a mountain race of the North Cameroons, taken by M. Jean-Paul Lebeuf, with notes on their customs, supplied by him. Three of the photographs on this page were taken by M. Lebeuf, and the fourth (the near view of the *Fali* dwellings) by Annie Masson-Detourbet. M. Lebeuf points out that the indented pattern on the roofs of *Fali* granaries symbolises the necklaces worn by the women. The *Fali* believe that the first seeds of red millet fell from the sky and then produced seven other varieties, including sesame, beans and ground-nuts. They cultivate these plants which, with the meat of animals killed by hunters, provide their diet. They keep small herds of goats, and a few cows. The boys who act as goatherds sit in the shade of the trees and occupy their time making snares and slings and plaiting ornaments in basketwork for the girls who will eventually become their brides. Work occupies the winter; and visiting and organising ritual festivals the dry season.



ONE OF THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC OF THE *FALI* VILLAGES IN THE NORTH CAMEROONS: A VIEW OF NGOUT-CHOUIMI, WHERE THE HOUSES ARE BUILT ON A STEEP MOUNTAIN-SIDE SCATTERED WITH HUGE BOULDERS.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ONE of the greatest difficulties in writing about plants and flowers is to convey a reasonably accurate idea of their colour. In ordinary everyday garden conversation and writing, it is usually safest and best to rely upon analogy, using well-known flowers or fruits, certain precious stones, and familiar terms such as "pillar-box red," "sky-blue," "salmon-pink" and "toper's purple."

It has sometimes been suggested to me that I should use the R.H.S. colour chart in this matter of colour description. No, no! It would be quite

TRUE BLUE

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

I can only remember meeting one man who might have been capable of such a feat. That was about forty years ago, and the man was the splendid hall-porter at the Greif hotel at Botzen. Reginald Farrer and I had spent a month of high climbing and low living in search of Alpines, across half Europe, and finished up at the Greif for a couple of days of high living. Mr. Held, the hall-porter, was a very wonderful person. My recollection of him is of a burly personage, not unlike Goering in port and build, but a Goering who exuded charm and efficiency at every pore. Apparently he carried the whole of the Continental "Bradshaw" in his head, as well as all the motor-coach routes and their time-tables—except, I believe, those of Switzerland and parts of Turkey. In addition he could advise with wisdom—and quite "regardless"—as to all the best things to eat and drink in the restaurant. As a supplement to this he was delighted to cash cheques up to any amount. Nor was that all. When I walked into the Greif with my wife six years after that first visit, he greeted me by name, and enquired after Farrer. Ten years later still, I went to the Greif with a friend. Mr. Held, still there, recognised me, but looked crestfallen, and apologised. He enquired after Farrer, and my wife, but for the moment could not quite recall my name. If he is still at the Greif I feel very sure that he would remember my name, and that last lamentable lapse of memory. He would, too, have added to his mental repertory the whole of the Continental "Air Bradshaw." If all gardeners had memories like Mr. Held, they might memorise and use the colour chart. As things are, I, at any rate, must do the best I can with such analogies as "salmon," "tinned salmon," "toper's purple," "Godiva white," "Isabelline"—of loathsome memory, and "puce"—of loathsome and irritating memory.

Perhaps the most loosely used and abused of all colour names is blue. Far too many flowers are called blue which are not blue at

all; but one of the multitudinous shades and tones through which blue in the spectrum or the rainbow merges into red. With much difficulty and confusion we do the best we can with violet, mauve, amethyst, purple, lavender, even magenta, and the rest. Always there is uncertainty as to what exactly they stand for. In my own mind violet is the colour of the little wild British violet, *Viola odorata*, and Dürer's little bunch of violets, exactly like a bunch to-day, even to the Toby-frill of leaves. Of amethyst, too, I feel pretty sure. My mind goes to large ones, set as brooches, which I see in second-hand jewellers' windows, and which my wife forbids me to buy for her. (Dead right, of course.) Parma violet suggests a particular colour very accurately. But mauve, purple and one or two others suggest, in my case, a certain uncertainty

on dangerous, difficult ground. Bluebell is, of course, a complete misnomer for either the bluebell of Scotland (harebell) or the woodland wild Scilla. Neither of them is true blue, for both have a wash of red in their make-up, so that they are some sort of blue-violet.

The very rare British heath *Menziesia caerulea* is an interesting example of the apparent misuse of the term "blue" (*caerulea*) in a specific name. I was greatly puzzled when I first grew and flowered the plant. The large bell-shaped blossoms were far from blue. They were more the colour of ling, Harry Lauder's "bonny purple heather"—which I personally would not call purple. It was not until I saw a dead, dried blossom of the *Menziesia* that I realised where the *caerulea* came from. The botanist, who first named it, almost certainly did so from a dried herbarium specimen. When dried, the bells change from purplish to a definitely bluish colour.

Perhaps the most perfect example of a truly blue flower is the Spring Gentian, *Gentiana verna*, and every gardener should grow and flower it at least once, if only to set himself a standard by which to judge what true blue is. It is the blue of a really fine sapphire cut *en cabochon*, for it is thus that a sapphire suggests the smooth, almost silken texture of the gentian's petals. The best garden form of *Gentiana acaulis*, the "gentianella," comes near *G. verna* for purity of colour. *Gentiana sino-ornata* is perhaps not quite so intensely pure as *G. verna*, and the lovely *G. farreri* is Cambridge blue of a quality which suggests a very faint wash of green in its composition. It is the merest suggestion, however, and so subtle that it might well pass for pure, pale blue. Among the forget-me-nots there are pure, true blues, both sapphire and turquoise; in fact, the family Boraginaceae is richer than most in good blues.

An easily-grown but too seldom seen annual with flowers which for pure, deep blue equal the Spring Gentian is *Phacelia campanularia*. The bell-shaped blossoms, like thimbles, though shorter and wider, have attractive snow-white anthers. Seeds may be sown in patches in the flower borders in spring, but



"AN EASILY-GROWN BUT TOO SELDOM SEEN ANNUAL WITH FLOWERS WHICH FOR PURE, DEEP BLUE EQUAL THE SPRING GENTIAN IS *Phacelia campanularia*. THE BELL-SHAPED BLOSSOMS, LIKE THIMBLES, THOUGH SHORTER AND WIDER, HAVE ATTRACTIVE SNOW-WHITE ANTHERS."

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

useless for my purpose. I have consulted it once or twice, and came to the conclusion that for official, scientific purposes in pinning down the exact colour and shade of colour of a flower in a botanical description, the chart is probably admirable. For free speech and free writing about flowers, it would be practically useless. In the chart one gets basic, or type, colours—crimson, cobalt, violet, or what have you, and these are supplemented by a whole range of dabs of colour, graduating through every imaginable shade or tone of those type colours. Each shade has its number or symbol. A wonderful example of careful work, but for everyday use too like Bradshaw—with a taint of algebra. If every one of my readers possessed a copy of the chart and was prepared to refer to it, there would still be the snags—(a) that I would not dream of using it; and (b) they wouldn't either. That reads like pure Irish. But in my experience gardeners, myself included, are like that. The chart is too akin to Esperanto. If I thought that all, or even 90 per cent., of the inhabitants of Europe spoke Esperanto, I might consider learning it. But they don't. So I rely, when I go abroad, on the high percentage of foreigners who speak English, plus my French of the Lower Third, and kindergarten Spanish and Italian. And I have never been stuck yet. It would not be enough for every gardener to possess a copy of the colour chart. No one wants to read, or talk, referring to this glossary at every second sentence. Too tedious. And nobody could, or at any rate would, memorise the whole thing.

all; but one of the multitudinous shades and tones through which blue in the spectrum or the rainbow merges into red. With much difficulty and confusion we do the best we can with violet, mauve, amethyst, purple, lavender, even magenta, and the rest. Always there is uncertainty as to what exactly they stand for. In my own mind violet is the colour of the little wild British violet, *Viola odorata*, and Dürer's little bunch of violets, exactly like a bunch to-day, even to the Toby-frill of leaves. Of amethyst, too, I feel pretty sure. My mind goes to large ones, set as brooches, which I see in second-hand jewellers' windows, and which my wife forbids me to buy for her. (Dead right, of course.) Parma violet suggests a particular colour very accurately. But mauve, purple and one or two others suggest, in my case, a certain uncertainty



"THE LOVELY *Gentiana farreri* IS CAMBRIDGE BLUE OF A QUALITY WHICH SUGGESTS A VERY FAINT WASH OF GREEN IN ITS COMPOSITION. IT IS THE MEREST SUGGESTION, HOWEVER, AND SO SUBTLE THAT IT MIGHT WELL PASS FOR PURE, PALE BLUE."

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

"AN IDEAL GIFT."

NEXT year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and *The Illustrated London News* will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that the ideal gift for Christmas, particularly for friends overseas, would be a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

IN 1953—CORONATION YEAR—ALL POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS AT NO EXTRA COST.

by far the best results are obtained by sowing in September—as is the case with so many hardy annuals. If you are not interested in Alpine plants, or have no appropriate place in which to grow *Gentiana verna*, sow a packet of this *Phacelia* and then, after it has flowered—for ever after—watch your step when you speak of blue.



HOW THE CRAFTSMAN REVEALS THE GLOWING BEAUTY OF THE DIAMOND: PRODUCING ALIKE THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR GEM AND FAMOUS STONES SUCH AS WILL BE IN EVIDENCE AT THE CORONATION.

Many trades have been affected by next year's Coronation, among them the diamond industry, and particularly the great firms concerned with the "working" of the stones for personal adornment. The diamond is universally recognised as chief among precious stones; it is the hardest, the most imperishable, and also the most brilliant of minerals. These qualities alone have made it supreme as a jewel since early times, and yet the real brilliancy of the stone is not displayed until it has been faceted by the art of the lapidary. On this page our artist, G. H. Davis, illustrates the various processes in diamond-cutting, which constitutes a separate and special branch of the lapidary's art. The first stage is that of cleaving or sawing; the saw-blade, as will be seen from the drawing, is a very thin disc, made of phosphor bronze, which is first put on a dust-covered roller for a considerable time, so that diamond dust is forced into its "cutting" edge. It revolves at 3500 r.p.m. and gradually cuts through the stone, the sawing taking from a few hours up to several days, depending on the dimensions and the hardness of the diamond. After the sawing the diamond requires considerable shaping. This rough "blocking out" is called "brutage." The next process is that of

cutting the facets; before this can be done the stone is embedded in a fusible alloy in a little cup-shaped depression on the end of a handle, the whole being called a "dop." The facets having been cut, the last stage is the polishing. The diamond, fixed in a dop, is brought in contact with a rapidly rotating disc about the size of a large gramophone record. The face of this disc, known as the "scaife," is covered with diamond dust and oil. The utmost skill and watchfulness are necessary, as the angles of the facets must be mathematically exact, in order to yield the best effects by refraction and reflection of light, and their sizes must be accurately regulated to preserve symmetry. Finally, the diamond is cleaned by submerging it in boiling acid and rinsing it in methylated spirit. The stone is then ready to be set in a mounting of precious metal. The process illustrated and described on this page deals exclusively with the production of diamonds for adornment, but there is another side to this industry—the cutting and fashioning of diamonds for industrial use. In this issue we include two pages in colour of celebrated diamonds whose brilliance is matched by their romantic histories. [Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, at the Asscher Diamond Works in Amsterdam.]

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

MASTERWORKS—OLD AND NEW.

By ALAN DENT.

VASTLY clever young writers in magazines dedicated to the Art of the Film had been telling me of certain observable affinities in method between David Wark Griffith and Vittorio de Sica. So I took a rare opportunity of observing these affinities. I noted that Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation" had been revived, and that De Sica's "Miracle of Milan" had just come to London. So I went to see the two films consecutively, within the same afternoon and evening.

A certain invincible honesty makes me confess that I had never seen "The Birth of a Nation" before. It was made in 1914, and it hit Britain in the middle of World War One. I can recollect calculating—being then ten, and comparatively impecunious—whether it could possibly be worth eighteenpence and a bicycle journey of eighteen miles, there and back, to the nearest big town which advertised it. It was tempting; but, alas, I did not fall! And ever since then, when cinema-lovers all around me begin their sentences like: "You remember how Griffith in 'The Birth of a Nation' . . .", I have had to pretend to know the film by heart simply by concurring in the

to have meant to Thomas Alva Edison! It recalls aunts clustered round a carved-walnut upright piano—and rich fruit-cake stolen and nibbled furtively while grown-ups were singing and playing old songs—and the misery of being ordered to bed with no further chance of any reprieve. But I digress somewhat. . . .)

The fact that the film contains Lillian Gish in a leading part almost certainly means that I shall digress again without apology. It makes me recollect that I had the heavenly felicity of supping with this demure goddess as recently as six years ago. And I now look up the diary of our host, James Agate, and find that he gives the whole of my rather pretty note of thanks, written

The cinema's latest masterpiece is "Miracle of Milan," in which the brilliant De Sica, who gave us "Bicycle Thieves," now gives us a comparably sincere study of mass-poverty in Milan. An old woman, living alone on the great city's outskirts, discovers a deserted baby-boy in her cabbage patch. She rears him to boyhood, and she dies. He is called Toto. He goes to an orphanage for a dozen years. He emerges as a youth with a simple, unspoilable faith in the goodness of humanity. He goes to



THE CURRENT REVIVAL OF GRIFFITH'S GREAT MASTERWORK WHICH FIRST HIT BRITAIN AS A SILENT FILM IN THE MIDDLE OF WORLD WAR I: "BIRTH OF A NATION" (ARCHWAY FILM DISTRIBUTORS); A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE (HOWARD GAYLE—LEFT) TO GENERAL ULYSSES GRANT (DONALD CRISP—RIGHT).

conversation, by smiling in a silence that I hoped would be taken for wisdom.

One thing I do clearly remember about "The Birth of a Nation" without having made the journey to see it in 1916. This was that it was billed and boasted about as being nearly three hours long. Not only was it the most gigantic and breath-taking film ever made: it was also the longest. How comes it, then, that the current revival lasts no longer than the normal 100 minutes of the normal film? Can it possibly be that a film, even a masterpiece, shrinks in running-time with the passing of the years? No, no. What has happened to Griffith's work has been stated with a beautiful precision by a beautiful and precise woman-critic: "I hope those who go to 'The Birth of a Nation' at the Marble Arch Pavilion will not imagine that they are seeing Griffith's masterpiece in its proper form. The silent film ran for two hours and three-quarters. The version now shown has an added sound-track (music, artillery, etc.) and gallops through in one hour and three-quarters. It was, I am told, sanctioned by Griffith: I fancy it is the one first released in 1930: but it is still a travesty of the original."

This "travesty," I must confess, does me very well to be going on with. It takes about as long as John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" takes to act in the theatre; and like that play, it gives me about as much as I want to have in one session about the history of the American Civil War. I cannot find it in my heart, either, to take grave objection to the sound-track. This is a reasonably ingenious orchestral commentary largely deriving from Weber's "Freischütz" Overture and Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries," with odd and by no means unpleasant sentimental lapses into the melody of the late Lady Arthur Hill's ballad, "In the Gloaming." (It was the proud boast of a dearly-beloved old aunt of mine that she was for some years lady-companion to Lady Arthur Hill, who died only a few months ago, a nonagenarian. In consequence, the song called "In the Gloaming" means as much to me as "Sweet Genevieve" is said



"THE SILENT FILM RAN FOR TWO HOURS AND THREE-QUARTERS. THE VERSION NOW SHOWN HAS AN ADDED SOUND-TRACK (MUSIC, ARTILLERY, ETC.) AND GALLOPS THROUGH IN ONE HOUR AND THREE-QUARTERS": "BIRTH OF A NATION" SHOWING THE EXCITING SCENE AT THE END OF THE FILM WHEN THE KU KLUX KLAN, LED BY COLONEL BEN CAMERON (HENRY D. WALTHALL), RIDE TO THE RESCUE OF THE CAMERONS' PILLAGED HOME TOWN IN TIME TO RESCUE ELSIE STONEMAN (LILLIAN GISH).

next morning. I find, too, that it has this postscript, which is not at all irrelevant: "Her wistful smile haunts me still. She is an Unbroken Blossom—a flower that time has mysteriously overlooked." And I say, "did you notice the respect amounting to awe, with

which she once or twice referred to 'Mr. Griffith'?—when your normal piece of pretty film-mindlessness would say 'Griffith' or 'D.W.G.' Admirable!"

In "The Birth of a Nation" Miss Gish is as appealing as a wild violet. She suffers and is trampled upon. A terrible mulatto tries to force what he calls marriage upon her. He locks the door; he all but swallows the key. And in frequent intervals amidst her ordeal we behold the Ku Klux Klan riding wildly across the open country to save her township as well as her honour. They arrive at long last in the nick of time.



"A HIGHLY QUESTIONABLE PIECE OF PHILOSOPHY OR EVEN SENSE, BUT AS SHEER FILM-MAKING IT HAS TO BE BELIEVED": VITTORIO DE SICA'S "MIRACLE OF MILAN" (REGENT FILM DISTRIBUTORS)—A SCENE FROM THE CINEMA'S LATEST MASTERPIECE SHOWING TOTO (FRANCESCO GOLISANO) AND HIS YOUNG SWEETHEART EDVIGE (BRUNELLA BOYO).

And Miss Gish emerges from her manhandling shaken but still dewy, her tiny mouth a-quiver, her faith in white humanity still high, her spirit unquenchable. The old film, in its historic way, is still very remarkable. But Mr. Griffith, all the same, owes quite a lot to Miss Gish. When shall we see a revival of "Broken Blossoms," in which, as I remember, this youngest and oldest of all film-actresses excelled her exquisite self in true pathos?

live among the city's down-and-outs in a wilderness of shacks. The wilderness is suddenly discovered to contain an oil-well, and two magnates in fur coats try to seize it, assisted by a posse of Milanese policemen.

But the boy Toto has been given the mystical power of quelling all such enemies. A dove has been handed to him by the ghost of his old foster-mother. It is a dove which grants him his every wish, and allows him to fulfil the wish of everybody around him. The notion, of course, offers boundless opportunity for satirising the greed of humanity as well as its general deplorableness-cum-lovableness. De Sica snatches as many such opportunities as can be imagined. For he is undoubtedly a director of vision and poetry and imagination, as well as a cunning master of the humdrum. He is also a master of "pure cinema"—for what else can one call the inspiration of a shot showing a half-frozen poverty-stricken crowd of people, jumping up and down and elbowing one another to keep warm, in a shaft of pale sunlight that has suddenly poured out of a gap in the iron-cold sky?

In the end De Sica almost transcends the bounds of fantasy by showing his ragged army bestriding broomsticks and flying into a fairy empyrean somewhere above Milan Cathedral. "You must," we are told, "have faith and courage to make your broomstick fly." De Sica's taste shows in nothing more clearly than in his casting of Francesco Golisano—an unknown young actor, but beautiful candour personified—for his hero. And yet this hero, with his blessed philosophy that goodness conquers all, is all my eye and Betty Martin. Or rather, all my eye and Sairey Gamp, who held the antithetical view that Life is nothing but a Waste of tears and misery. "Miracle of Milan," in short, is a highly questionable piece of philosophy or even sense. But as sheer film-making it has to be seen to be believed.

Dazzled I emerged from it, and then suddenly I stopped short in Regent Street with the realisation that I had not "observed the affinities" between De Sica and Griffith who made "The Birth of a Nation." But are there any real affinities except that

both know how to dispose crowds before a film-camera? And wasn't a good deal of what the vastly clever young writers had been trying to explain to me about their "handling of mass-relationships," and what not, so much babbling of the infant intellect? For writers of that sort can be so very young that they are best compared with those little birds noted by the Ancient Mariner, which "seemed to fill the sea and air with their sweet jargonings."

THE NEWLY-CREATED ROYAL MALAYAN NAVY, AND MATTERS MARITIME AND AERONAUTICAL.



NOW IN PRODUCTION FOR THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY: A BRISTOL TYPE 171 MK.50 HELICOPTER SHOWN COMPLETING THE FIRST STAGE OF AN AIR-SEA RESCUE OPERATION DURING RECENT TRIALS—THE RESCUER AND THE "CASUALTY" ARE BEING HOISTED BY WINCH UP TO THE COCKPIT. THESE AIRCRAFT ARE TO BE USED FOR AIR-SEA RESCUE AND COMMUNICATIONS.



FOUND BURIED IN THE SAND NEAR ALKMAAR, ABOUT 20 MILES FROM AMSTERDAM: A GERMAN TWO-MAN SUBMARINE WITH A TORPEDO STILL ATTACHED BENEATH IT—ONE OF THE MANY "U-BOATS" WHICH FAILED TO RETURN FROM ITS MISSION DURING WORLD WAR II. IT IS BEING EXAMINED BY DUTCH NAVAL EXPERTS.



AFTER FOURTEEN MONTHS' SERVICE, THE CRUISER H.M.S. *SHEPHERD* (COMMODORE J. G. T. INGLIS, R.N.), FLAGSHIP OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AMERICA AND WEST INDIES STATION, RETURNING TO PORTSMOUTH ON DECEMBER 4.



THE COMPLEMENT OF MOTOR LAUNCH 3501, OF THE NEWLY-FORMED ROYAL MALAYAN NAVY, WITH ITS COMMANDING OFFICER, LIEUT. D. BRITTAN, OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

The title of "Royal Malayan Navy" was bestowed on the former Malayan Naval force on August 29 at a ceremony at Singapore, when the officers and men were addressed by the Commanding Officer, Captain H. E. Nicholls. At



ONE OF THE "LITTLE SHIPS" OF THE COMMONWEALTH'S NEWEST NAVY: A MOTOR-LAUNCH OF THE ROYAL MALAYAN NAVY OUT ON ANTI-BANDIT PATROL.

present the new Navy is officered by young volunteers from the Royal Navy but Asian cadets are being trained in Malaya and in England. The crews, mainly Malays and Eurasians, are all volunteers.

NEW EXCAVATIONS IN THE PALACE OF THE BYZANTINE EMPERORS: FRESH MASTERPIECES OF MOSAIC DISCOVERED, AND FURTHER LIGHT ON THE SUBSTRUCTURE.

By D. TALBOT RICE, D. Litt., F.S.A., Director of the Walker Trust Excavations.

(Previous illustrations of some of the mosaics discovered by the Walker Trust excavators in the Palace of the Byzantine Emperors at Istanbul have appeared in The Illustrated London News of May 24, 1947, and a colour plate in our 1947 Christmas Number.)

THE magnificent series of mosaics which adorned a court of the Great Palace of the Byzantine Emperors at Constantinople was actually uncovered during four seasons of excavation before the war, conducted on behalf of the Walker Trust (St. Andrews), under the direction of Professor Baxter. When war seemed imminent, work ceased, and the mosaics were covered over temporarily. It was only in the summer of 1952 that it proved possible to deal with them in a more permanent fashion. A roof was then erected over the greater extent of the mosaic floor, while other outlying portions were lifted and installed in the arcades of a Turkish building close to the site. What is virtually a new museum in Istanbul has thus been constituted; it was officially opened and handed over to the Turkish authorities at the end of May.

The building to which the mosaics belonged was one of the numerous more or less isolated structures which went to compose the Great Palace of the Byzantine Emperors. It took the form of a large, rectangular court, surrounded by a wall. In the centre was apparently a garden; all around was a colonnade opening on to it, and between the colonnade and the outer wall was a cloister-like structure; it was here that the mosaic floor lay.

Though the Great Palace was virtually the hub of the civilised world from the fourth until the twelfth century, practically none of it has so far been excavated. Descriptions of it by early writers are, however, fairly numerous, and scholars have made numerous attempts to reconstruct it on the basis of these. The texts tell us how the Emperor and his courtiers passed from one building to another; here he turned to the right on ceremonial occasions; here he went up a stair; there he passed along a corridor or through a great audience chamber; here he entered a church for some particular ceremony; there he passed from one terrace to another. But such terms as above and below, near and beside, are very lax, and the reconstructions of the Palace that have been made on the basis of these texts can not pretend to exactness or accuracy. Several attempts to identify the court of the mosaics have been made on the basis of the texts, but it is unlikely that any final solution will be forthcoming until a good deal more digging has been done.

Though the work carried out in 1952 was to a great extent in the way of conservation, a certain amount of excavation was also undertaken. A fine new portion of the border of the mosaic floor was unearthed, and some very considerable substructures between the site of the mosaic and the sea were explored. These substructures must have belonged to buildings of great size and importance; it is as yet impossible to identify them.

The newly-discovered mosaic consisted of a considerable section of the inner border, bearing scroll patterns, with a galloping dog and a large human head entwined amongst them (Fig. 1). The head is especially interesting, for though the hair turns into conventionalised patterns, the face itself is

a more conventional type, having as their models some classical figure of Oceanus. One of these heads, with beard turning into conventionalised foliage, is illustrated in Fig. 7. The foliage, on the old and new mosaics alike, is in bright greens, browns and yellows, and blue plays a predominant part in the tinting of the faces themselves and, in the new mosaic, of the moustache. The green and blue *tesserae* are of glass, the other colours of selected marbles.

peculiarly vivid and alive, and has every appearance of being a portrait figure drawn from a living model. It shows a moustached figure, of barbarian type. Other heads, similarly disposed among the scrolls of the border, were found in earlier seasons, but they were of

Some of the most finished work, from the technical point of view, is to be found in these borders, but from the pictorial aspect they are, of course, less interesting than the main area of the floor between them, which is occupied by a series of magnificent figures, often on a very large scale. There are scenes from the circus, scenes from everyday life, and scenes from the countryside. One of the most delightful of the latter is illustrated in Fig. 6. It was discovered in 1937, and, like the rest of the mosaics, was covered over for protection at the outbreak of war. It now forms a part of the floor protected by a permanent roof.

More frequent than compositions of this sort, however, are figures which are shown either singly or in small groups, but which are dissociated from those in the immediate neighbourhood, so that they do not form compositions. They stand isolated against the background, which is composed of white marble *tesserae* set in fan-shaped patterns (Fig. 2). The human figures are, broadly speaking, Roman in

type, but the beasts often savour of the East, and reproduce motifs, like the fight between a lion and some animal, which ultimately stem from Achaemenid Persia. It is perhaps in the richness and variety of the animal motifs that the mosaics are most exciting. Lions and tigers, horses and donkeys, sheep and goats, hares, rabbits, deer and birds, both natural and fantastic, afford an endless feast for the imagination. Trees, too, are frequent, and they are usually of very great beauty. Close parallels to them are to be found in the mosaics of Syria, both in those of more or less contemporary date in floors at Antioch, and in those of the eighth century in such buildings as the Dome of the Rock at Jerusalem, and the Great Mosque at Damascus. It would seem that the mosaicists had a diversity of models to draw from, and while some of these were essentially Roman, especially in the case of the human figures, others were Syrian.

Discussion has raged among the authorities as to the exact date of the Constantinople floor. When it was first discovered the classical character of many of the figures led some to suggest a date in the fourth, perhaps even in the third century. On the basis of archaeological evidence, a date around 420 was proposed by the excavators. Subsequently, the close similarities in technique and style which these mosaics show to some at Antioch, especially those in the building known as the House of the Worcester Hunt, has suggested a date around 500. The removal, for better safe keeping, of some of the outlying portions of the mosaic, has made available quite extensive areas for excavation in the future, and finds from these areas should serve to establish the date finally. Indeed, a trial sounding in one such area which was made in 1952 has disclosed a building below the mosaic floor, and consequently of earlier date, the bricks of which bear stamps which would appear to be of late fifth-century date. But a good deal of work remains to be done before anything final can be stated on this point.

Whatever the date, however, one thing is certain: that is the very high standard of technical excellence and artistic quality of the work. Nothing quite so fine of the type has so far been found either in Rome or in North Africa, where some very rich mosaics have been excavated in the past. Only at Antioch is there anything closely comparable, and it may be questioned whether even there the quality is the same as that of the Constantinople work.

In addition to the work which was done on the mosaics, some excavations were also carried out in

(Continued opposite.)



FIG. 1. PERHAPS THE MOST INTERESTING OF THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED MOSAICS IN THE PALACE OF THE BYZANTINE EMPERORS: THE MOUSTACHED HEAD OF A BARBARIAN (PROBABLY A PORTRAIT), WITH A DOG RUNNING THROUGH THE FOLIAGE SCROLLS.



FIG. 2. ONE OF THE ISOLATED FIGURES WHICH STAND OUT AGAINST THE WHITE MARBLE TESSERA. SET IN FAN-SHAPED PATTERNS. ALTHOUGH THE ANIMALS ARE EASTERN IN STYLE, THE HUMAN FIGURES SEEM TO FOLLOW ROMAN MODELS.



(ABOVE.) FIG. 3. THE STONE ARCHWAY OF A SUBSTRUCTURE NEAR THE MOSAICS, RECENTLY REVEALED. THE TOP OF THE ARCH IS ABOUT 4½ YARDS BELOW THE PRESENT SURFACE AND ABOUT 19 FT. ABOVE ITS OWN FLOOR.

Continued.
1952 in the area between the pavement and the sea, with the object of identifying the structures in the immediate neighbourhood. Some great substructures, now buried far below the surface, were disclosed, their walls standing to a height of more than six metres above their original floors (Fig. 3). In many cases the vaults of these substructures remained intact, so that it was possible to walk about in them, even though they had, in the course of ages, become partly filled up with rubbish and débris (Fig. 4). The walls of these substructures belonged to different dates, the earliest work being of large stone blocks, and the later of brick (Fig. 5). As far as can be judged, it would seem that the stone portions are to be assigned to the age of Constantine, while the brickwork represents various phases of rebuilding, which must have gone on till the tenth century. It is hoped to continue the investigation of these substructures next season, and it may then prove possible to identify at least some of the buildings with a reasonable degree of certainty.

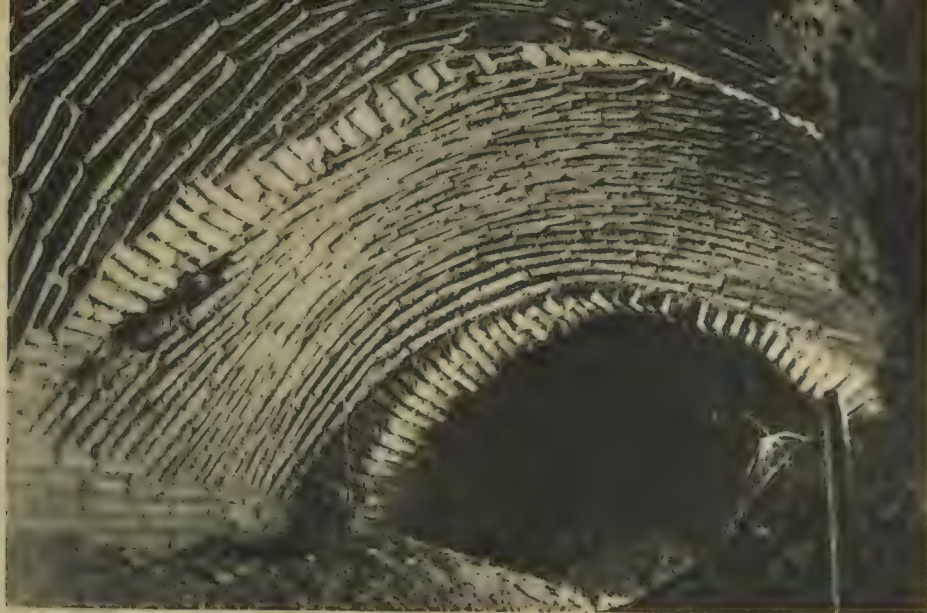


FIG. 4. BRICKWORK VAULTING IN THE SUBSTRUCTURE. THE BRICK IS LATER THAN THE STONE OF FIGS. 3 AND 5 AND CAN PROBABLY BE DATED TO ABOUT THE NINTH CENTURY A.D.



FIG. 5. IN THESE SUBSTRUCTURES, WHICH INDICATE A VERY LARGE BUILDING AWAITING EXCAVATION, THERE ARE SIGNS OF ALTERATIONS AT VARIOUS DATES. THE LOWER MASSIVE STONWORK POSSIBLY BELONGS TO THE AGE OF CONSTANTINE.



FIG. 6. ONE OF THE DELIGHTFUL PASTORAL SCENES REVEALED IN THE MOSAICS. BESIDE A GROUP OF HORSES THEIR OWNER PLAYS THE LUTE AND (BELOW) A PEASANT MILKS A GOAT BESIDE A REED HUT AND, BELOW, BIRDS FLY ROUND A SHRUB.



FIG. 7. A HEAD OF OCEANUS, A RECURRING MOTIF IN THE MOSAIC BORDER. THOUGH THE DESIGN IS CONVENTIONAL, THE EXECUTION IS OF THE HIGHEST.

MAGNIFICENT MOSAICS OF THE BYZANTINE EMPERORS' PALACE; AND NEW-FOUND SUBSTRUCTURES OF A NOBLE BUILDING.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



FOOD, BACTERIA, AND FARMING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IN the course of a broadcast discussion recently, one of those taking part remarked, as nearly as I can recall his words: "I believe a generation is growing up which is incapable of appreciating good food." It was not revealed what, in his opinion, constituted good food, nor whether he was speaking as a gourmet or a gourmand. What was in his mind, if we may hazard a guess, was that our modern dietary, with its refinings, adulterations, cannings, and the rest, is taking us farther and farther away from the natural relation which should exist between the palate and that which is placed on it. A few days later, I read in my Sunday newspaper a short account of a lecture delivered by Professor A. J. Kluyver, of Delft, before the Royal Society in London. Headed "Man's Debt to the Microbe," it quoted the Professor as saying that "the changing appraisal of the microbe . . . showed that man has regarded the microbe in turn as 'a marvel,' 'a mere curiosity,' 'man's enemy' and, latterly, 'as an essential element in living nature.'" On the face of it, there seems little connection between these two utterances, of the broadcaster and the lecturer. Having, at that time, just completed my own writing of the discussion on insecticides, which appeared on this page last week, these two quotations joined forces in my mind with a third. It is this. Whenever I have discussed the control of pests on crops with an expert in that field, or have listened to the debates between experts, I have heard one recurrent phrase: that the effective control of pests lies in good husbandry.

Good food depends on good husbandry, and good husbandry, as the findings of the Cheshire panel, among other investigations, have clearly indicated, depends on treating the microbe as an essential element in living nature. Have we, in this scientific age, failed to evaluate correctly the part played by soil bacteria? Is our system of agriculture, seemingly so successful and flourishing, founded on wrong principles? Is

depart radically from accepted views and practices. I recalled, however, that some months ago, the author of these books wrote to the Press claiming that foot-and-mouth disease could not only be cured but prevented (without indulging in the mass slaughter either of cattle or of starlings). And certainly Newman Turner's books are convincing even although the principles he advocates are revolutionary or

produced could better have served the purpose of wire, for all its nutritional value. Arable crops were heavy enough, as crops grown with artificial manures at first are, but a variety of crop diseases were evident and showing signs of increase. The cattle were good milkers as commercial herds go, as well they should have been, for their main article of diet was purchased imported concentrated high-protein feeding stuffs, upon which the cows were forced to the limit of their capacity to produce milk and calves."

The first two years, in the piping days of war, showed a trading loss of £2000 sterling. Abortion showed in three out of every four cows, and half the stock were reactors to the tuberculin test. A large acreage of corn was ruined by smut and take-all disease, and chocolate-spot made bean-growing impossible. Convinced that nature provides the means of combating disease and that bacteria are the means of combating it, and not the cause of it, Mr. Turner introduced radical changes. He decided that all his food should be home-grown, cows were to be fed on leys, green fodder and adequate quantities of bulky fodder and herbs, and the land was to be filled with farmyard manures, compost and green crops manure. The disc-harrow was to be the key implement, with only occasional use of the plough. The results were striking. There was no longer need to worry about the weather; weeds were no longer a pest; farming operations were simplified; there was no heavy expenditure on anti-pest and anti-weed spraying, or on artificial fertilisers; there were no drainage problems; cows became healthy and fertile; "vet" bills were cut 10 per cent.; and crops grew heavy. Mr. Turner even bought diseased stock confident in his methods to restore them to health. Although this reads like a fairy-tale, the greater part of the two books is filled with hard facts and



A VERY ANCIENT METHOD OF PLOUGHING WHICH SAVES LABOUR ON THE FARM: PIGS ROOTING FOR FOOD IN A FIELD, WHICH IS THUS BROKEN UP READY FOR SOWING.

This method of ploughing not only fulfils two purposes, feeding the pigs and manuring the ground, but saves labour on the farm. Most important of all, by avoiding deep ploughing, the essential soil bacteria, which play so vital a part in feeding crops, are preserved in full activity, instead of being buried deep and so killed off.

Photograph by D. A. Guest. Illustrations reproduced from "Fertility Farming"; by courtesy of the author, Newman Turner.

reversionary to methods ante-dating scientific farming. Before passing to the details of his methods, I would like to quote from them one passage *in extenso*. "It is wrong to conclude," writes Newman Turner, "that because there is no clearly apparent human use for a natural phenomenon, it is therefore our duty to destroy it. Destruction is a deadly boomerang. Nowhere is this more apparent than on a farm, in my experience. And of course in this plea for the protection of nature I include bacteria of all kinds. I often think it is man's desire to destroy that creates within him the fear which gives rise to the belief that nature has destructive intentions against man. It is just not true. Nature destroys only the useless and unhealthy, and we serve no permanent good by attempting to preserve what nature has decided should go back to the earth whence it came. Nature serves the universe in the whole, of which man is an integral part. It is when man stands apart from the universe and regards himself as its lord, that nature finds it necessary to bring him to heel. Let man fit himself into his rightful place, and take no action contrary to nature and the best interests of the universe as a whole, without thought of its consequences even to the least of his fellow-creatures, and he will then know nature to be on his side."

Although the meaning may, in some parts of this quotation, not be immediately apparent, the spirit behind it is one that no biologist, using the word in its literal sense, will deny. And few farmers will quarrel with it. Fine words do not, however, grow crops, and most people will wish to know how far they can be translated into practice. The author, working in agriculture all his life, with the advantage of an agricultural training at a university, took over his present farm eleven years ago, and started to work it as it always has been worked. "The cattle had lived and produced milk on the same farm for generations. The hay that the mowing pastures



ALLOWED FREE CONTACT WITH A HERD OF CATTLE FED ON A NATURAL DIET OF GREEN HERBAGE: A BULL IN AN ADVANCED STATE OF JOHNE'S DISEASE.

Five years ago, to prove that bacteria are not the cause of disease—and presumably under bacteria we may include a wide range of micro-organisms—this bull in an advanced state of Johne's disease was allowed free contact with a herd of cattle fed on a natural diet of green herbage. Although this bull eventually died, none of the herd contracted the disease, nor have they shown any sign of it since.

our misuse of the soil, as the Cheshire panel concluded, responsible for the widespread need of dental treatment and for other widespread evidence, not so much of ill-health, but of susceptibility to manifold diseases, some of which are increasing despite the best medical efforts to combat them? Does good food mean food grown on good soil, and is good soil then the basis of human vitality and energy: and if so, what constitutes good husbandry?

With these and many other questions in my mind, it happened that there came into my hands two books, "Herdsmanship" and "Fertility Farming," both by Newman Turner (published by Faber and Faber at 18s. each). My acquaintance with orthodox farming is, perhaps, better than that of the average townsman, so that I am aware of some of the shortcomings of farmers as well as of their many virtues and abilities. Like them, I am perhaps a little shy of methods that



REJECTED WITH T.B. REACTION WHEN FOUR YEARS OF AGE: A BULL, NOW TEN YEARS OLD, WHICH HAS TAKEN MANY PRIZES IN CATTLE SHOWS.

After being rejected with T.B. reaction, this bull, in nine months under natural conditions of hygiene and diet, was returned to the herd. Now, six years later, under the same treatment, it is still healthy and has taken many prizes in cattle shows.

figures, and convincing photographs. In five years the cattle account passed from a £300 loss to a £2000 profit; milk production increased three-fold, as did the valuation of the farm itself. The rest of the story must be sought in the author's own words. It is axiomatic that one always writes with, perhaps, over-enthusiasm on a pet subject, but I found Mr. Turner's text restrained and convincing. A revolution in agricultural methods is not without precedent, and if all we hear of soil erosion, food shortages, deficiency diseases and the rest is but half-true, another revolution is long overdue. This one may produce a generation that can appreciate good food, and an appreciation that bacteria are "an essential element in living nature." Most assuredly, the sooner we recognise bacteria as allies in the fight against disease the better for all of us. At all events, since so-called scientific methods applied to agriculture can, as we saw last week with insecticides, lead us radically astray, a revision of thought can do no harm.



THE FORTRESS AIRSTRIP OF NA-SAM—WITHIN WHOSE PERIMETER BETWEEN 10,000 AND 15,000 FRENCH UNION TROOPS HAVE BEEN FACING ATTACK FROM THREE FANATICAL DIVISIONS OF THE VIET MINH, WHICH SURROUNDED THE BELEAGUERED POST IN THE THAI COUNTRY IN NORTHERN INDO-CHINA.



PREPARING TO RESIST THE GENERAL COMMUNIST ASSAULT ON BELEAGUERED NA-SAM: FRENCH TROOPS DIGGING IN ALONG THE LOW HEIGHTS WHICH SURROUND THE AIRSTRIP. THE SIEGE OF NA-SAM—THE FORTIFIED AIRSTRIP IN NORTH-WEST INDO-CHINA IN WHICH 10,000 TO 15,000 FRENCH UNION TROOPS (ISOLATED EXCEPT BY AIR) FACED THREE COMMUNIST DIVISIONS.

As reported in our last issue, the fighting in the Thai country—the mountainous area between Tongking and the kingdom of Laos—became concentrated about November 23 at Na-Sam. This post—an airstrip with perimeter fortifications—was the point to which French Union forces were concentrated and reinforced (by air) after the fall of Son-La on November 22. Despite a severe Press censorship established at Hanoi, some news of the siege of Na-Sam has emerged. It is stated that the Na-Sam perimeter contains between 10,000 and 15,000 French Union troops—French, North African, Vietnamese and Foreign Legion—

and that the attack was mounted by about three divisions of Viet Minh troops. About midnight on November 30/December 1, the Viet Minh made a savage attack on the perimeter following a heavy mortar bombardment, with about 6000 troops, and at first made a break-through and seized two hill strong-points. By midday on December 1, however, both these points had been recovered, mainly by parachute troops, and the line made good. Viet Minh losses in this action were between 1000 and 1500, their heaviest for about a year, while about 200 French Union troops were killed.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.



DIED IN ROME ON DECEMBER 1, AGED NINETY-TWO: SIGNOR VITTORIO EMANUELE ORLANDO. The last of "The Big Four of Versailles." Signor Orlando, as Italian Prime Minister in 1917, rallied the country after Caporetto. As a member of the Council of Four at the Paris Peace Conference his demands for Italy were unacceptable, and he resigned; later becoming President of the Chamber of Deputies. An anti-Fascist, he retired in 1925; and returned to public life after 1944 as Italy's "elder statesman."



MR. F. G. RENDALL. Died on December 2, aged sixty-two. Mr. Rendall, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, had been keeper of the Printed Books in the British Museum since 1948. His interests included music, and he was a founder member of the Galpin Society. His "History of the Clarinet" is due for publication next year.



VICE-ADMIRAL F. R. PARHAM. Appointed a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty, Second Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Personnel with effect from July, 1953. Vice-Admiral Parham commanded *Belfast* when she chased the *Scharnhorst*. He was promoted to Flag-rank in 1949. He is Flag Officer Flotillas (Mediterranean).



MAJOR-GEN. M. S. CHILTON. Appointed G.O.C.-in-C. Anti-Aircraft Command (temporary rank of Lt.-General) with effect from June, 1953. Major-General Chilton has been Vice-Quartermaster General, War Office, since 1950. He was formerly Commander of East Anglia District, and from 1946-48 Director of Land and Air Warfare, War Office.



RETURNED TO POWER IN THE SAAR ELECTIONS: HERR JOHANNES HOFFMANN, THE PREMIER. The result of the elections in Saarland may be regarded as a personal triumph for Herr Hoffmann, who after five difficult years in office, has been returned with his Christian People's Party with a more than two-thirds majority. A total poll of 93 per cent. was recorded, and only some fifth of the voters complied with the Bonn appeal to spoil papers as a protest against the banning of pro-German parties.



ARRIVING AT LONDON AIRPORT FROM MALAYA ON DECEMBER 1: GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER. General Sir Gerald Templer, High Commissioner in Malaya, arrived at London Airport by *Comet* on December 1. He said that the visit was one of those that he had proposed to make every five or six months, to confer with the Colonial Office and the three Service Ministers. He discussed the Malayan situation at a Press conference in London on December 4.



MISS CICELY HAMILTON. Died on December 6, aged eighty. An author, playwright, journalist and actress, she was prominent in the women's suffrage movement during the years before World War I. For her novel "William—an Englishman," produced in 1919, she was awarded the Femina-Vie Heureuse prize.



MR. M. C. FARRAR-BELL. The designer of the new 2½d. stamp, one of the two first of the new reign, now on sale. Mr. M. C. Farrar-Bell is a typographer-designer, and designer of stained glass. He has been restoring the great West Window of Bath Abbey, and is designing the West Window for Exeter Cathedral.



MR. MARTIN DURKIN. Appointed U.S. Secretary of Labour. Mr. Durkin, General President of the American Federation of Labour's Plumbers' Union, is a Democrat who supported Governor Stevenson in the election campaign. Senator Taft issued a prepared statement challenging General Eisenhower's choice.



MR. GEORGE M. HUMPHREY. Appointed Secretary of the U.S. Treasury by the President-Elect, General Eisenhower. Mr. Humphrey is a successful Ohio industrialist, chairman of the M.A. Hanna Company, and a director of many corporations, and chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Steel Corporation.



HOLDING THE CUP AFTER RETAINING THE BRITISH WOMEN'S FIGURE-SKATING TITLE: MISS V. OSBORN. Seventeen-year-old Miss Valda Osborn, of Kent, won the British Women's figure-skating title for the second successive time at the Streatham Ice Rink, London, on December 4. Miss Osborn, who was one of Britain's representatives in the Olympic Games earlier this year, delighted the large crowd with a masterly display. She had a lead of 26 points over her nearest rival.



THREE OF THE QUEEN'S GUESTS: (L. TO R.) MRS. W. H. SPOONER; MISS HEATHER MENZIES AND MRS. J. MCEWEN. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh gave a dinner-party on December 3 for the Commonwealth Premiers and the Ministers attending the Commonwealth Economic Conference. Three Australian guests were: Mrs. Spooner, wife of the Minister for National Development; Miss Menzies, daughter of the Prime Minister, and Mrs. J. McEwen, wife of the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture.



SWORN IN AS GOVERNOR OF NORTHERN IRELAND IN BELFAST ON DECEMBER 3: LORD WAKEHURST. Lord Wakehurst was sworn in as Governor of Northern Ireland in Belfast on December 3. The ceremony took place in the Royal Courts of Justice, where the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, Lord Brookeborough, read the commission of appointment, and the Lord Chief Justice, Lord MacDermott, administered the oath of allegiance and the official oath. Lord Wakehurst, who is fifty-seven, is an authority on Commonwealth affairs.



TALKING TO THE "BEST NURSE OF THE YEAR": MRS. CHURCHILL WITH MISS V. R. MULVAGH. Our photograph shows Mrs. Churchill talking to Miss V. R. Mulvagh, who had received a gold medal for being the "best nurse of the year" in the Royal Free Hospitals group. The presentation was made by Captain Bennett, Master of the Worshipful Company of Cordwainers. The medal has been presented annually by the Livery Company since 1828. Mrs. Churchill presented some prizes and certificates to the nurses.



PRESIDENT-ELECT EISENHOWER IN KOREA: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GENERAL IN A JEEP AT SEOUL, WITH GENERAL MARK CLARK (LEFT).

NEWS FROM ABROAD: THE U.S. PRESIDENT-ELECT IN KOREA, AND OTHER TOPICAL EVENTS.



THE PRESIDENT-ELECT AT SEOUL: (L. TO R.) ADMIRAL BRISCOE (CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS, FAR EAST); GENERAL O. WEYLAND; MR. EISENHOWER; GENERAL MARK CLARK; GENERAL VAN FLEET (EIGHTH ARMY COMMANDER); GENERAL BRADLEY; AND ADMIRAL RADFORD.

On Dec. 5 it was revealed that President-Elect Eisenhower had ended his three-day trip to the Korean front, and having flown back to Guam, was returning to the States in the U.S. cruiser *Helena*. He had flown out to Korea and reached Seoul on December 2, accompanied by Mr. C. E. Wilson, the Defence Secretary designate, Mr. H. Brownell, the Attorney-General designate, General Omar Bradley, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Major-General R. Ramey of the U.S. Air Force, and they were joined en route by Admiral Radford, U.S. Naval Commander in the Pacific. During his crowded three days he visited U.S. marine, air force and military units, the British Commonwealth Division, a mobile hospital and two South Korean divisions. He had three talks with President Syngman Rhee and gave a Press Conference in Seoul on December 5. In this last he said that he had "no panaceas, no trick ways of settling any problems," and emphasised the difficulty "in a war of this kind to work out a plan that would bring a positive and definite victory without possibly running the grave risk of enlarging the war." On his return journey a number of his advisers flew out to Guam from the U.S. to discuss his findings during the sea voyage home.



(RIGHT.) MEMBERS OF THE SWISS EVEREST EXPEDITION AT CAMP IV.: (FROM L. TO R.) BHOTIA TENSING; RAYMOND LAMBERT; DR. GABRIEL CHEVALLEY; ARTHUR SPOEHEL; ERNST REISS; AND GUSTAV GROSS—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY NORMAN G. DYHRENFURTH.

On other pages in this issue we publish photographs taken during the Swiss Everest expedition. Here we show a group of members of the expedition at Camp IV, taken by Norman G. Dyhrenfurth. Jean Buzio was, at the time, up on the slope where, on October 31, the accident occurred in which a Sherpa was killed.



THE TRIAL OF JOMO KENYATTA AT KAPENGURIA: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ACCUSED LEADER OF THE KENYA AFRICAN UNION BEING LED IN HANDCUFFS TO A LORRY DURING A RECESS. The trial of Jomo Kenyatta and five others charged with the management and assistant management of Mau Mau opened at Kapenguria on December 3 in a room of the African Agricultural School. The accused have been transported to and from the court in an open lorry guarded by armed African police. Evidence linking Jomo Kenyatta with the Mau Mau movement was given by members of the Kenya African Union.



TOURING THE ABADAN REFINERY DURING A VISIT TO THE AREA WHICH HAD A MIXED RECEPTION: THE SHAH OF PERSIA ACCOMPANIED BY QUEEN SORAYA. The Shah of Persia, who was accompanied by Queen Soraya, recently concluded a five-day visit to the Abadan area, during which the Royal party toured the Abadan refinery under heavy guard. It is reported that the Royal cars were greeted in Abadan with angry shouts of: "Down with the Shah, down with the Reza Dynasty," and missiles were thrown at the Royal train.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS AT SHEFFIELD.

By FRANK DAVIS.

AN exhibition of Early English Drawings and Water-colours, selected from among his own possessions by a man who bought his first important drawing half a century ago with money made from a series of lectures on Greek sculpture, and who has since become our foremost authority on the subject, is to me something of an event; and I counted myself lucky that I had to be in Sheffield one day last month with an hour at my disposal in which to visit the Graves Gallery and see the Loan Exhibition from Mr. Oppé's collection, which has now closed. The drawing which set Mr. Paul Oppé on his course in 1904 at a Christie's sale was there—the well-known early "Llangollen," by J. S. Cotman—together with seventy-seven others to bear witness to the breadth of his interests, which range from Rowlandson's savage caricatures (not my personal taste), via the two Cozens', Towne, Downman, and other considerable names, to comparatively unknown men of the calibre of Scarlett Davis and the Scottish miniaturist Skirving, whose drawing of an English family earnestly, and a trifle condescendingly, seeing the sights of Rome in the year 1792, seems to me a specially acute piece of observation, not in any way a caricature, but with just a pawky hint of good breeding faintly embarrassed by the oddity of foreign parts.

There were two drawings by Scarlett Davis, who, say the reference books, with the gentility of reference books, "gave himself over to dissipation" and died in 1841 before he was forty. One of them, a pencil drawing of a woman, made me hazard the guess that this obscure and reprehensible person must have either known Ingres or have been familiar with Ingres' magnificent portraits, so hopefully does he travel in the great man's wake. But these are small matters—the eye moves quickly to a dozen—yes, a dozen—water-colours by the enigmatic Francis Towne (1740-1816), whose stature was hardly guessed at until Mr. Oppé discovered a bundle of Swiss and Italian scenes by him in one of the smaller auction rooms in 1910. At that time there was one drawing by Towne at South Kensington, another in a private collection, and a number hidden away in large books at the British Museum. This auction-room find led

The unpretentious little man Towne seems to have in him something of the feeling for nature of the Chinese, combined with the vision of a Cézanne—I mean the way in which he builds up his composition by a delicately graduated series of receding planes; add to this a firm, precise, yet fluid line, and shading unmatched by a butterfly's wing. It is surely one of the most absurd of historical accidents that so bright an ornament of this island should have remained

he was unknown until just before the 1914 war, when Mr. Oppé acquired a considerable number of Roman landscapes, painted by Downman when he and Wright, of Derby, with their wives, took a holiday in Italy in 1773. Five of these were at Sheffield and—so slow is one to connect a portrait painter with anything outside his normal practice—provide an agreeable surprise, and also a feeling of regret that the necessity of making a living by portraits did not give him time for more holidays in the countryside, whether in England or abroad. It is always pleasant seeing a man doing something to please himself rather than satisfy a customer, and those who think like me in this matter will always be sorry that Van Dyck was so busy flattering his rich clients in England, after coming here for the second time in 1632, that he did not do more of those superlatively sensitive water-colour landscapes, several of which are in the British Museum, and which make one think of both Gainsborough and Corot. We remember, too, how refreshing were Sargent's views of Venice compared with his huge acreage of canvas filled with all the best people.

Both Alexander Cozens and his son, J. R., were beautifully represented, the former by, among other things, the famous "Cloud," which proves, if proof were needed, that the English were not merely competent, but incurably romantic, years before they admitted it officially. For some odd reason I have a blind spot for that ingenious Swiss, Henry Fuseli, who became R.A. and was known in his time as "Principal Hobgoblin Painter to the Devil"—his various classical compositions always seem to me to be peopled by self-conscious "ham" actors. His contemporaries were impressed by them and so were later generations—so much so that until recently no one paid much attention to his portraits; there is not much depth in them, but they are decorative in a somewhat dry manner, and Mr. Oppé showed an admirable example of each style.

Three Richard Wilson's, drawn when that unsuccessful genius was absorbing the sunshine of Italy, were perfect, particularly "Ariccia," in black chalk on grey paper, and provided a fine foil for the smooth, matter-of-fact William Marlow (Fig. 2); not a draughtsman or a painter of the highest rank, but an extraordinarily restful soul—I always think of him as going through life as calmly as his slow-moving rivers, not fighting obstacles, but making his way round them. J. F. Lewis, that most industrious of Victorians, generally leaves me cold—I find him insipid—but there was one water-colour by him which made me convinced the fault lay in myself and not in the painter. This was a drawing of the Escorial, in which he somehow not only made that magnificent building formidable, but actually gay.

The Korean celadon ware bowl carved in the interior with *feng-huang* under a Ju type blue-green glaze, Koryu Dynasty, illustrated in our issue of November 29, was that lent to the Oriental Ceramic Society's Exhibition of Sung Wares by Mr. Desmond Gure; and not by Mrs. A. M. Sedgwick, as stated. Mrs. Sedgwick lent a bowl of similar type to the exhibition.



FIG. 1. "WATERFALL NEAR AMBLESIDE"; BY FRANCIS TOWNE (1740-1816). (14½ by 10½ ins.)

This dramatic pen-and-water-colour drawing by Francis Towne, made in 1786, is one of three varying treatments of the subject. It was presented to Mr. Paul Oppé by Miss and Miss J. Merivale, members of the family to whom Towne left a number of his drawings; and was included in the selection of Early English Drawings and Water-colours from Mr. Oppé's collection lent for the recent exhibition at the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield.

Photograph by "The Sheffield Telegraph."

almost unknown for a hundred years. Another Towne, "A Wood near Albano," is reproduced in Fig. 3—pen and wash instead of pen and



FIG. 2. "ON THE SAONE"; BY WILLIAM MARLOW, R.A. (1740-1813). (10½ by 14½ ins.)

The original outline sketch from which this pen-and-water-colour drawing over pencil was made, is also in Mr. Oppé's collection. Other repetitions of the subject in oil and water-colour were painted by Marlow, who travelled in France and Italy between 1765 and 1768. This drawing, signed "W. Marlow," was acquired by Mr. Oppé in 1919.

in due course to the discovery of the bulk of this uncommonly gifted man's work in the possession of the Merivale family, in Devonshire, to whom Towne had left it. Two of the first drawings in this exhibition are from the Merivale collection, a gift from the owners, and others have been added since—here (Fig. 1) is one of these two. A good many people will probably remember them in 1949 at an exhibition at Agnew's, and will not need to be told that they were no less impressive in Sheffield, though whether the inhabitants of that bustling city realised what remarkable things were set before them is another question. I had the gallery to myself for sixty golden minutes.

water-colour, and far less dramatic and romantic than the "Waterfall near Ambleside" of Fig. 1, but showing no less clearly his impeccable draughtsmanship.

John Downman is familiar enough from a long series of delicately tinted portraits—there are twenty in the British Museum, as well as the contents of six albums—but as a landscape artist



FIG. 3. "IN A WOOD NEAR ALBANO, 1781"; BY FRANCIS TOWNE (1740-1816). (12½ by 17½ ins.) This pen-and-grey wash drawing is inscribed on the back, "Taken in a wood near Albano, 1781." It was acquired by Mr. Paul Oppé in 1910. [Photograph by the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield.]

THE QUEEN AT A KENT VILLAGE CHURCH, AND ITEMS TOPICAL AND ATHLETIC.



THE WINNER OF THE AMATEUR SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE FENS, MR. D. BARTON, OF WILLINGHAM, WINNING A HEAT. The amateur skating championship of the Fens was held at Bury Fen, Earith, near Cambridge, on December 6, and was won by Mr. D. Barton in 5 mins. 5.5 secs over the mile-and-a-half oval course, the second being Mr. J. Carey, of Crowland, in 5 mins. 8.1 secs.



NOW ON THEIR WAY TO LONDON FROM KENYA: A PAIR OF OUTSIZE ELEPHANT TUSKS.

This photograph sent to us by Messrs. Hale and Son, the produce brokers, shows a pair of outsize elephant tusks now on their way to London from Kenya, *via* Mombasa. One weighs 146 lb. and measures 9 ft. 3 ins., and the other weighs 149 lb. and measures 8 ft. 1 in. Such ivory is turned into piano and organ keys, among other uses.



WORKING ON A SCALE MODEL OF PART OF THE CORONATION ROUTE IN A MINISTRY OF WORKS OFFICE: LOOKING DOWN OVER WHITEHALL TO PARLIAMENT SQUARE AND THE ABBEY.

This model, which is being prepared by the Chief Architect's division of the Ministry of Works, will eventually cover the entire route from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey at a scale of 1/16. In it will be incorporated models of all the stands to be erected and miniatures of the decorations to be planned. It includes simplified reproductions of the principal buildings on the route, made from balsa wood and hard-board.



IN A RECORD FINAL AND A THICK FOG, OXFORD UNIVERSITY WIN THE UNIVERSITIES' CROSS-COUNTRY, WITH THEIR FIRST THREE MEN TIEING FOR FIRST PLACE.

The Universities' cross-country race was run at Roehampton on December 6 in a fog which limited visibility to 10 yards. Oxford won by the lowest number of points possible under the present scoring system—21 to Cambridge's 66. Oxford's first three finished in a dead-heat (l. to r. in our picture, A. J. Weekes-Pearson, C. J. Chataway, D. C. Law); with their next three in a dead-heat.



LEAVING MERSHAM PARISH CHURCH AFTER ATTENDING MORNING SERVICE: H.M. THE QUEEN WITH THE RECTOR, THE REV. J. H. EDINGER, AND FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND HER HOSTS, LORD AND LADY BRABOURNE. H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh recently stayed for a few days at New House, Mersham, near Ashford, Kent, the home of Lord and Lady Brabourne. On December 7 her Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and their hosts, attended morning service at Mersham parish church where they sat in the Brabourne family pew. The service, which was attended by a large congregation, was taken by the rector, the Rev. J. H. Edinger, who welcomed the Royal party.



THE LONG-HAIRED CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS: MRS. M. CRICHMORE'S CHINCHILLA FEMALE, THIEFVAL SNOWCLOUD.

At the National Cat Club's annual championship show in the R.H.S. Old Hall on December 3, there were 1536 entries from 361 exhibitors by 171 exhibitors. The largest entry was of Siamese, but a unique exhibit was a "Persianese" (½ Siamese, ½ Persian).

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IN to-day's spate of fiction, when new books swim into one's ken amid a flurry of competitors—when they have just one moment to arrest the eye and seize on the imagination—what may there not be in a title? But if the title conveys nothing, will interest be aroused or chilled? That, probably, depends on temperament. I fear some readers, lighting on "*Jabadao*," by Anne de Tourville (Britannicus Liber; 10s. 6d.), will have an instinct to sheer off. They ought to fight it, though; for it would do them out of something truly exceptional.

"The *Jabadao*" (as a note informs us) "is an ancient dance, in all probability a survival of certain primitive magic rites. Although still respected and much beloved in Brittany, it has never lost its rather sinister reputation." And this short tale is stuffed with magic. It is not a novel; it has been called in essence a folk ballad.

In *La Rivière Froide*, all is fertility and ostentation. And little Ener is the richest of all, as widow Katell is the haughtiest. Although she loved her husband, when "the ermine came for him," and she was closing his eyes, her grief turned to a swelling joy. For now the whole rich plain, down to the *Pont des Ecrevisses*, is in her hands for ever. Beyond rise up the stony foothills, the almost unknown realm of woodcutters and charcoal-burners, of contempt and want. Big Katell loathes the *Collines Brûlées*: loathes them for being there, loathes their inhabitants for having rights, and only tolerates them as a lesson in the love of getting.

And on the *Collines Brûlées*, none are more beggarly than little Gaud. She lives in a thatched hovel like a bird's nest; it has no barn or outhouse, and the single cow has only one horn. Yet she will be the prince's bride. Even as children, they were promised lovers. Gaud spends three years embroidering her wedding-dress, with beads begged from the dead; and when the dress is finished, Ener is of age. Then Katell has to know. To save her face, she is persuaded to affect delight, broach all the vats and bottles in her store, invite both parishes to her son's wedding.

This, really, is the ballad of the wedding. It is the sole event; but it is so inherently dramatic, and so close-wrought with omen, ceremony and poetic detail, that no more is required. Indeed, the "ordinary" novel, by comparison, looks stale and thin. This legend has a deeper root; also, it is a richer growth, sprouting organic flourishes in every sentence.

It seems to me that "*Love for Lydia*," by H. E. Bates (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), might be described as an "arrangement." It is a beautiful arrangement, made of youth, rapture and romantic heartbreak; and the hand is skilled. Yet I found something lacking at the core. Perhaps the fault was mine; the writer's Eastern romances have been much admired, and this is certainly much better.

For here at Eversford he is at home again. The background—"ordinary" after *Jabadao*, too much an object of description—is yet superb in its own way. Eversford has no charm—it is raw, drab, inhibited and graceless; but as a scene of life, it soaks up beauty and nostalgia. It is the town that thrills one here—not the great Aspen Park, stranded so oddly in its midst. But the narrator, at nineteen, has other feelings. He works disgustedly (as a reporter, scorns the mean streets, and views the unknown Aspens as a legend.

It is his job that gets him past the wall. The eldest brother has just died, and the old sisters have returned with Lydia. She is long, gawky, torturingly shy; mewed up with a neglectful hunting father, she has seen nobody and nothing. The old aunts want her to make friends, and treat the young reporter as a lifeline; he is to take her skating the next day. After a few hours on the ice, her shyness vanishes. Henceforth she wants; she orders; in case of mutiny, she turns on an enchanting smile. They must go skating every day. And then, all summer in the park, he must make love to her. Then in the autumn they go dancing. Lydia dances on all hearts, dances her swains to death, dances herself into a sanatorium—and then repairs her beams, and turns her smiles on the survivor. Only I rather think she is a figment. What is authentic is the glow of youth, its hardness, vanity, romance.

"*Dwelly Lane*," by F. V. Morley (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 11s. 6d.), is launched with such a barrage of appreciation by distinguished readers that one would rather like to disagree. This I have found impossible. I also found myself on the wrong track; I was expecting a bucolic scene, and an attempt at side-splitting. But no: the milieu is a "cultural" village, a haunt of music and dramatic clubs, of *chic*, sophisticated sirens, intellectual goat-ladies, and Mayfair bachelors dispensing hospitality from the black market. True, it is on the verge of Stavesacre—a sinister and tangled wood, where *Dwelly Lane* abuts, and where a small-time crook is found inexplicably slaughtered and enveloped in a double-bass. In spite of which, there is no tendency to the uproarious; all is smooth, civilised and intellectual. The tale is told by an ex-super-gangster of reptilian appearance, who will henceforth devote himself to mathematics—if he is allowed. But as it soon appears, the milieu is unfavourable. The crisis starts with the arrival of Fred Remington, a self-made millionaire from Canada, with one increasing purpose. No more involved intrigue, or scintillating exhibition of the double-cross, has ever been more smoothly worked, or more continuous in entertainment.

"And Dangerous to Know . . .", by Elizabeth Daly (Hammond; 8s. 6d.), though far more commonplace, is quite good of its kind. The staid, conservative Dunbars have come up from their summer cottage for the funeral of old Aunt Woodworth. She has left all her money to a hospital; they didn't need it, and the parents say that she was quite right. Alice says nothing. Alice is the daughter at home—long-jilted, featureless, repressed. And then she vanishes. Not kidnapped—there has been no ransom note. Not with a lover—she had no chance to meet one. Surely not murdered—there was no inducement.

But in the round of her imprisoned life, there was in fact one chink. This is espied by Henry Gamadge; he goes straight there—and finds it pointing to a grave. The tale starts off with a real human drama. It is skilled work, and readable all through; but as so often, the conclusion sticks in one's gullet.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AN ARTIST AND THE ARTS.

THE third volume of the "*Autobiography of Sir Alfred Munnings*" (Museum; 30s.) is perhaps the most amusing and agreeable of this delightful self-portrait. Like the others, it is a trifle formless, bobbing about from one subject or date to another, but, like the others, it is grand, robust stuff, not perhaps, if one may use an under-statement, altogether to the taste of the moderns, but an occasional forthright defence of the traditional in art does no harm to anyone, least of all to the moderns themselves. Sir Alfred tells the story of his Presidency of the Royal Academy, and gives an amusing and racy account of the famous Academy banquet, the broadcast of which caused such a furore. It is, of course, when he writes of horses of the hunting-field and of the Turf that Sir Alfred is most happily at home, and, as can be well imagined, the greater part of the book deals with these subjects. I feel sure that Sir Alfred's cheerful, delightful book will solve many a Christmas-present problem.

Two notable volumes on art and criticism are those entitled "*Art and Everyman*," by Margaret H. Bulley (Batsford; £4 4s. for the two volumes; or £2 5s. for each volume). This is an ambitious attempt and one which will meet a widely felt need to provide a general introduction to the study of art of all types, ages and countries. The authoress claims that her book is designed for "the average enquirer" who wishes to develop his or her powers of discernment and understanding, or as she says in her dedication, "to John and Mary, no matter from what country they come." Starting with the basic objects of artistic endeavour, the home and its furnishings, Miss Bulley carries the student (and, indeed, the teacher, for it is as much intended for those who instruct in art as for the pupil) through the more advanced to, what one might call, higher flights of fancy of modern times. Each volume is copiously illustrated in a way that makes one wonder how it is conceivably possible that these fine, large volumes can be produced at such a comparatively small price, and in general I feel that Miss Bulley achieves her self-appointed aim. I say "in general," as sometimes I wonder whether she does not a little over-estimate the intellectual equipment of the "average enquirer."

"*The Connoisseur's Year Book*" is always a delight, and this year's volume, published at the, to my mind, remarkably low price of 21s., is no exception. The 1953 edition sets out to cover a wide international field. The articles—all most admirably illustrated—carry us from Kedleston to Fontainebleau, and from Chartwell to the West Indies, or to some of the more important American art collections. Lovely as are the architectural and historical descriptions and illustrations of Kedleston and Sudbury, and that most magnificent of Irish country houses, Powerscourt, for sheer interest the article with which the volume begins, on the wall decorations in the Marlborough Pavilion at Chartwell, must, I think, rightly take pride of place. In 1949 Mrs. Winston Churchill commissioned the Prime Minister's nephew, Mr. John Churchill (who was already making a name for himself through his murals when we were at Oxford together), to decorate the loggia in the grounds of Chartwell as a seventy-fifth birthday present to that great man. It was not an easy task, as the Pavilion has two walls 15 ft. long, with broken corners, and a low, vaulted ceiling, 13 ft. high, while the remaining two walls are open arches, the lighting throughout being indifferent. With such limited and intractable spaces to deal with, Mr. John Churchill has most admirably succeeded, choosing as the subject for the frieze a stylised representation of the Battle of Blenheim. Private patrons for work of this sort must, alas, be becoming rare. In intrinsic interest, Mr. A. W. Ackworth's article on Georgian architecture in the British West Indies must run Mr. Ramsey's article on the Marlborough Pavilion pretty close. Mr. Ackworth is the hon. treasurer of the Georgian Group in London, which has done much to preserve and create an interest in what is left of our unique Georgian heritage. It is refreshing to find that lovers of Georgian architecture are increasingly turning their attention to the spawning of that tradition in the West Indies and in the "colonial" house of the United States. Naturally, of course, Georgian architecture in the West Indies has its peculiarities, deriving from natural hazards and local conditions. Georgian architects used to the temperate and equable climate of this country found themselves confronted with the necessity of erecting buildings in the West Indies which were squat and solid enough to resist hurricanes, and of materials which could also resist ravages and fires and termites. The results as illustrated here in this interesting article are of a most engaging quality.

Messrs. Faber and Faber are to be congratulated on the Faber Gallery of Oriental Art, in which a number of volumes have already seen the light of day. Three new examples, all published at 12s. 6d., come from this intelligent stable. All lend themselves to illustration and all, in fact, are most beautifully illustrated. Perhaps because I can remember the district well as a child, I was interested in "*Kangra Painting*," with its introduction and notes by W. G. Archer. Towards the

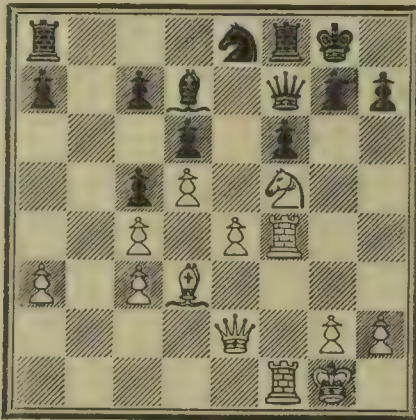
end of the eighteenth century this small Punjab Hill State became the centre of one of the most remarkable schools of Indian painting. The work of this school, it appears only to have lasted for twenty or thirty years, is based on a vivid and delicate representation of an innocent sexuality—the adventures of Krishna, being the Rajput equivalent of the imaginative release of mediæval France in the poetry of the troubadour, from the strict conventions of chastity prevailing in both societies. The other books in this series are "*Persian Painting of the Fourteenth Century*," with an introduction and notes by Douglas Barrett. The period with which the book deals was probably one of the great formative epochs in the history of the world's art. It is certainly one of the most richly varied in all Persian painting, and both text and illustrations do it adequate justice. Mr. Wilfred Blunt is a man of many parts in the artistic world, being painter, critic and teacher, and he adds to his versatility the interesting text to "*Japanese Colour Prints from Harunobu to Utamaro*," dealing with the eighteenth-century flowering of this artform, which was responsible for introducing the West to Far Eastern art. A most attractive and interesting book.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

RARELY indeed may a pawn advance when, in so doing, it gives either of two opposing pawns the option of taking it. The occasional brilliant exception proves even this rule.



This position occurred in a game between two German masters. White to move. P-K5 is unplayable, of course—but White played it!

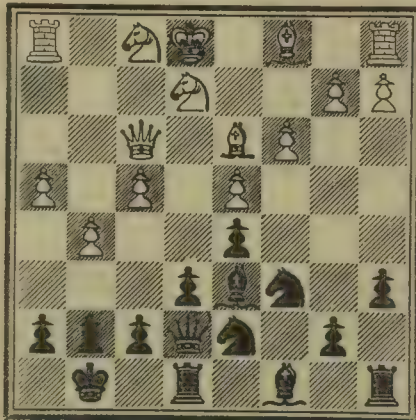
If Black were so misguided as to take with the bishop's pawn, White would immediately win queen for rook and knight by Kt-R6ch, P×Kt; R×Q. So White needed only to examine the other alternative.

21. P-K5! QP×P 22. R-R4

Threatening 23. R×P and if 23... K×R; 24. Kt-Q6, discovering a check which must be attended to; and the black queen is captured next move. 22. P-KR3 23. R×P! Kt-Q3

If 23... P×R of course 24. Kt×Pch and 25. Kt×Q (again!) Now White won by 24. Kt-K7ch! Q×Kt; 25. R-R8ch!! K×R; 26. Q-R5ch, K-Ktr; 27. Q-R7ch, K-B2; 28. B-Kt6 mate.

In the diagrammed position White had only to unmask his bishop by the removal of the pawn from his K4, to put Black in grave trouble. Therein lay the power of 21. P-K5.



Our second diagrammed position was reached in a league game last year. Black to move played 13... P-K4! and after 14. BP×P, Kt(Q2)×P; 15. P×Kt, Kt×P; 16. Q-K3 obtained a ferocious attack by 16... B-QB4!

The theme here is the bursting-open of the king's file, on which the black queen and rook are already powerfully stationed, coupled with the bringing of a knight to Black's K4; all of which is well worth the knight which incidentally disappears.

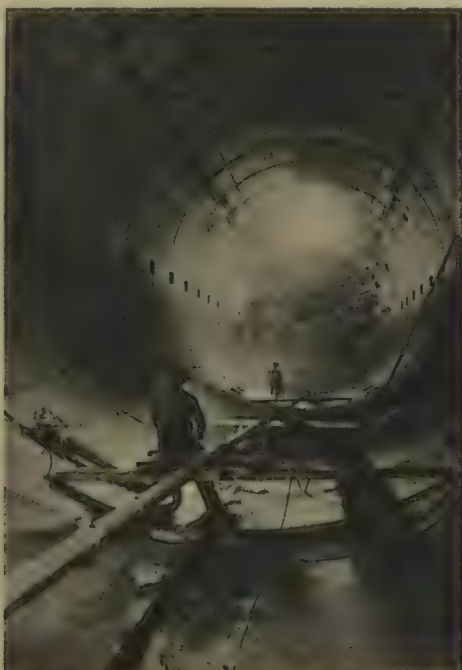
MEMORIES AND ACTUALITIES OF PEACE AND WAR, AND A SAFETY DEVICE.



A DUMMY PILOT BLOWN THROUGH THE "GREENHOUSE," OR CANOPY, OF AN AIRCRAFT, IN THE EJECTION SEAT: AN EXPERIMENT BY THE U.S. NAVY BUREAU OF AERONAUTICS. Tests with a dummy have been carried out in the U.S. to see if a pilot in his ejection seat can safely be shot through the canopy (known as the "greenhouse") of his aircraft, should he not have had time to jettison the canopy, which has sometimes happened to jet aircraft pilots.



THE RUSSIANS END THEIR SPELL OF GUARDING SPANDAU PRISON: THE AMERICAN AND RUSSIAN OFFICERS SHAKING HANDS BEFORE THE RECENT CHANGE-OVER WAS MADE. Spandau Prison, which lies in the British Zone, is guarded by each of the Four Powers in turn, and the Russians have just been relieved by the Americans. Friction was caused during the Russians' recent spell of duty by their obstruction of civilians using a path adjacent to the prison in order to reach their homes.



USED BY THE WEHRMACHT DURING WORLD WAR II: A HUGE SUBTERRANEAN PETROL STORAGE TANK (RIGHT) AND ONE OF THE ENTRANCES (LEFT) HIDDEN IN THE FOREST. Hitler's Wehrmacht was a completely mechanised war machine, and petrol was its life-blood. Our photographs illustrate a huge subterranean storage tank for petrol for the German armies at Unterhausen, near Neuburg. The tank, in the form of a tunnel, could store 80,000,000 litres (17,600,000 gallons) and had thirty entrances, all contrived amid a thick forest, and thus well camouflaged. The tank itself is situated 20 metres (about 65 ft.) below the surface.



AFTER IT HAD BEEN STRUCK BY A TORNADO AND REDUCED TO RUBBLE AND WRECKAGE: THE REMAINS OF THE NATIVE TOWNSHIP OF ALBERTYNSVILLE, NEAR JOHANNESBURG. More than twenty people were killed and some 500 injured on November 30, when a tornado struck a native township of flimsy shacks, Albertynsville, near Johannesburg, and completely destroyed it. A ready response was produced by a broadcast appeal; and doctors, nurses and transport assembled. Racial differences were forgotten in the emergency, and over 1,000 people, many of them white, queued up outside the blood transfusion headquarters as volunteer blood-donors. A relief fund has been instituted.



IN MEMORY OF THE 22,500 VICTIMS OF NAZI BRUTALITY WHO DIED IN BELSEN CAMP: THE OBELISK AND WALL OF REMEMBRANCE ON THE LÜNEBURGER HEIDE. The Memorial Wall and Obelisk in remembrance of the 22,500 victims of Nazi brutality who died in the concentration camp of Belsen, was dedicated on November 30 by a Rabbi, a Roman Catholic priest and a Protestant clergyman in turn. President Heuss, who headed the representative gathering assembled for the moving ceremony, said "Germans must never be allowed to forget what members of their nation did." The wall, 150 ft. in length, bears an inscription in eleven languages.



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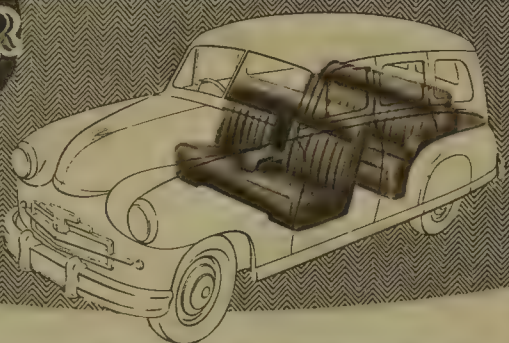
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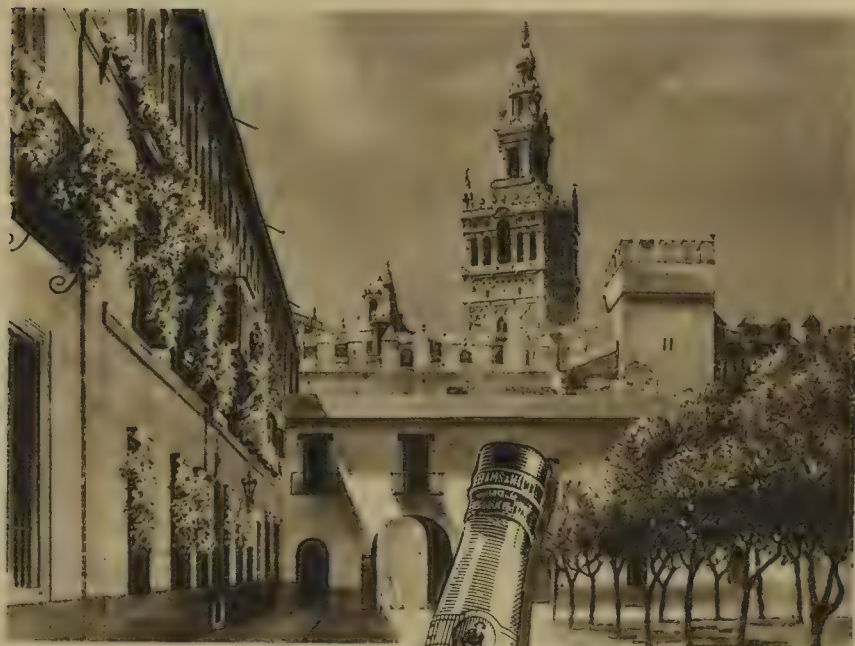
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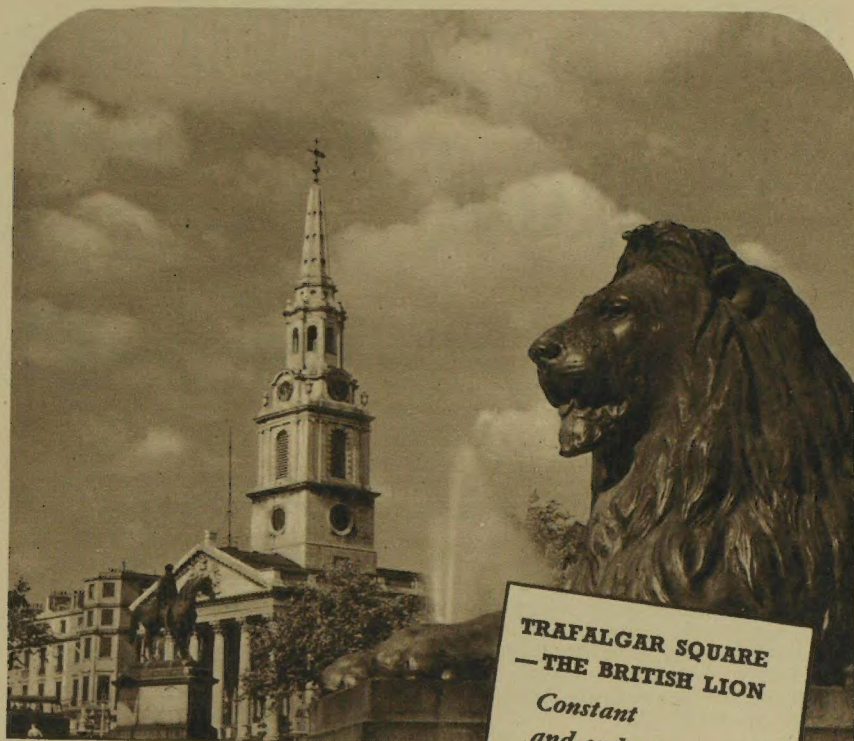
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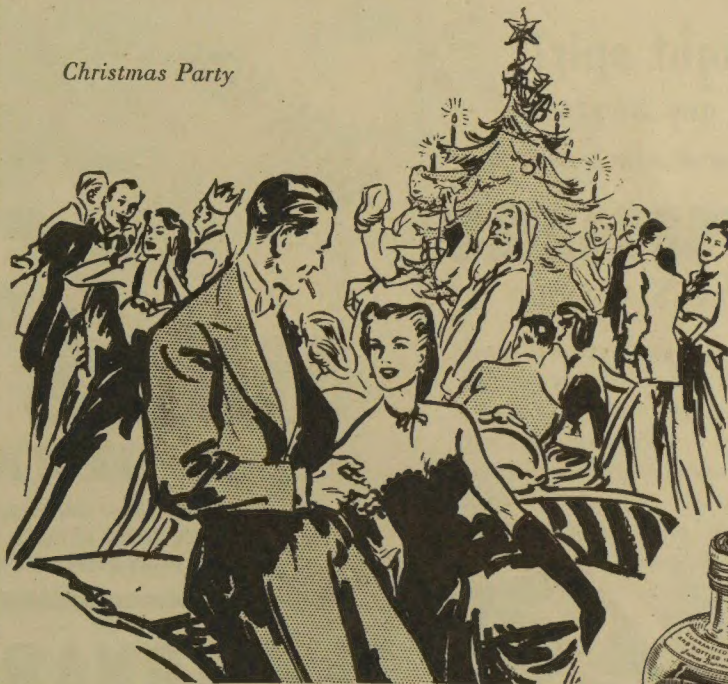
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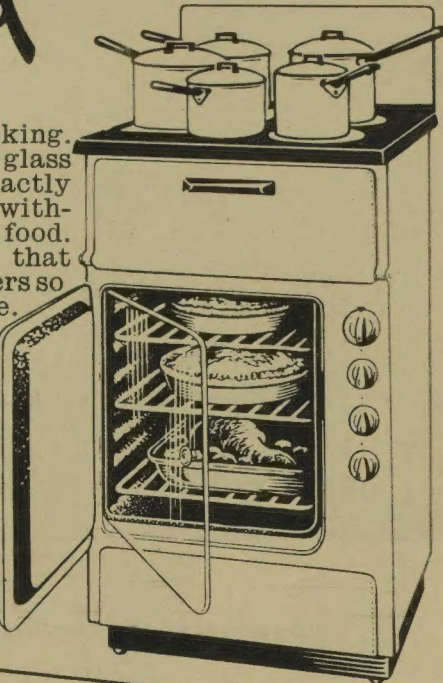


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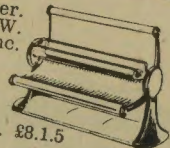


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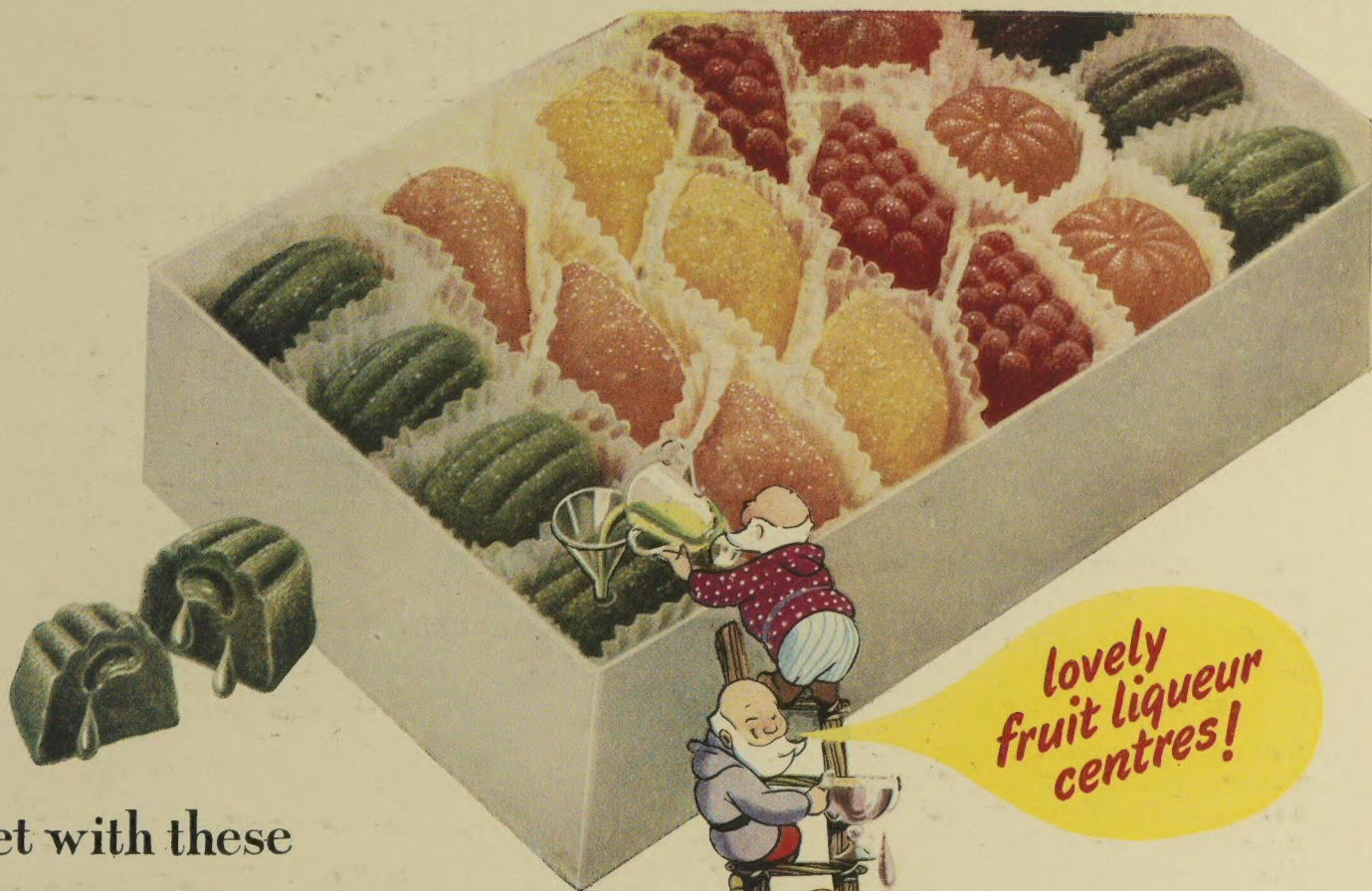
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